THE NEW U. N. TAKES SHAPE

THE FRUSTRATION OF HARRY BYRD

The Reporter

November 21, 1950

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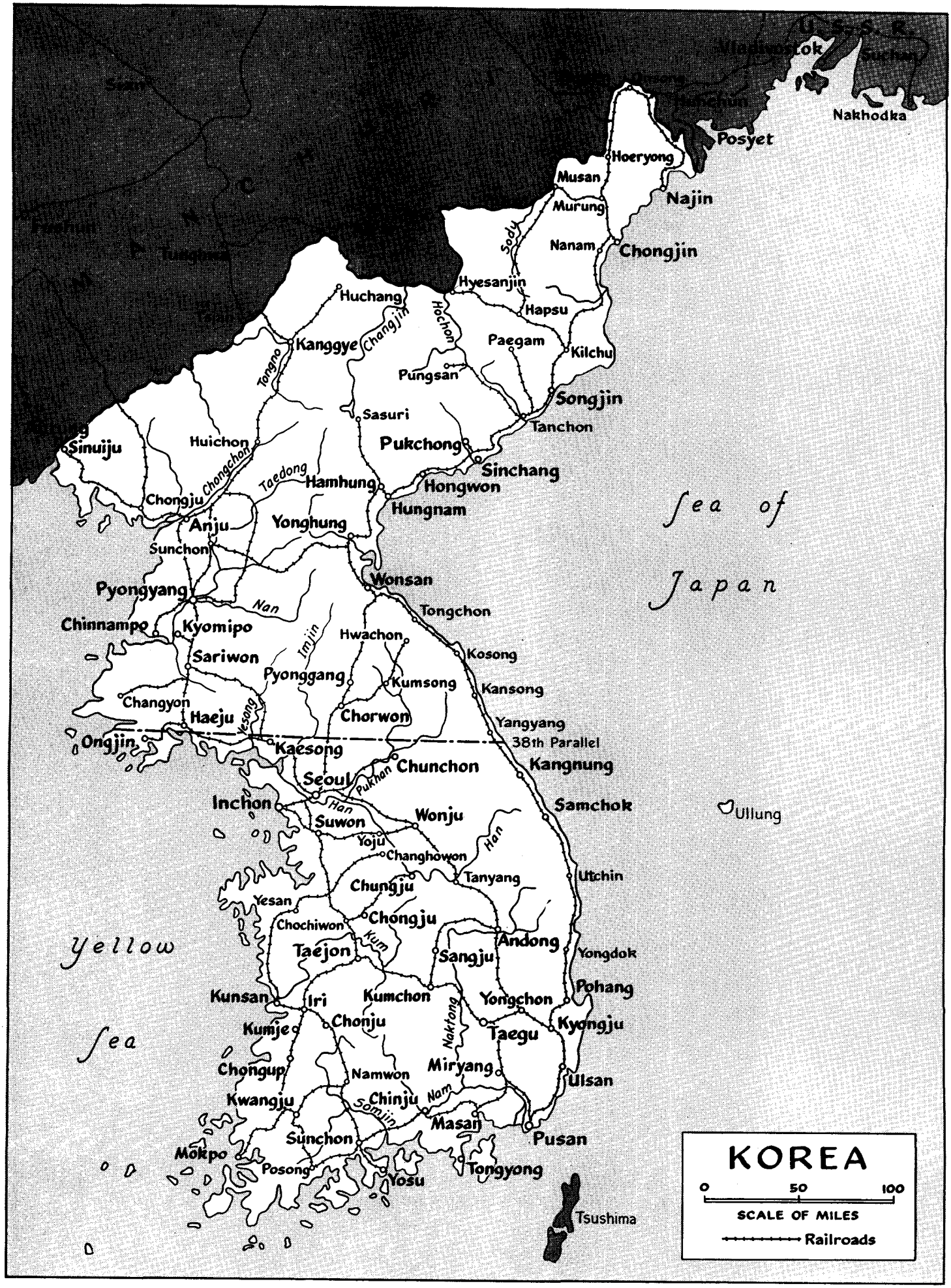

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REPORTER'S NOTES

Operation Eye Dropper

On the verge of defeat in the Korean war that they themselves started, the men of the Kremlin have decided to enlarge the range of the conflict. So far they have done it sparingly—with a few jet planes, quite a number of new or secondhand tanks, and just enough Red Chinese to harass and contain the U. N. forces at the Korean-Manchurian border. The Russians want to keep the witches' brew of war boiling, and they feed it with an eye dropper. Perhaps they want to provoke us to such a point that we carry total war to them. Or perhaps, counting on a Republican victory in our Congressional elections, they thought that Chinese intervention in Korea, plus rampant McCarthyism, would pierce the Acheson line at the United Nations.

President Truman must be a man of prophetic insight. Of our five main delegates to the United Nations, three —Ambassador Austin, John Foster Dulles, and Senator Lodge—are Republicans.

Where Do We Go From Here?

The composite picture of the American electorate is here for all the world to see. For two years this will remain the only official image of America's political feelings, peculiarities, and idiosyncrasies.

There are certain precise things that can be said about the meaning of the election returns—things that do not fit easily into a rational pattern. But good democrats never assume that the sovereign that rules our land—the people of the United States—is a philosopher-king.

1. The American electorate tends to give a helping hand to the marked man. This was the case with Truman in 1948, as it has been with Taft and Impellitteri, among others, this time. When powerful forces are arrayed against a candidate and his ruin is solemnly proclaimed, it frequently happens that large masses of voters take it upon themselves to show that the prophets or manipulators of doom can be wrong.

2. The voters have proven perhaps to an unprecedented degree that they can cross the party lines and split their votes. Perhaps they suffer from claustrophobia, but they seem to have no way out except running from one cage to another. They might have such a craving for fresh air as to think that a splinter Tammany is no Tammany.

3. The two splinter *parties* in New York State underwent rough treatment. One, the American Labor Party, had already become an incurable minority—an outlet for protest votes. The Liberal Party, rather than a party, is a mass pressure group, which concentrates its pressure not on the elected, but on the nominated, or on those who do the nominating. This peculiar kind of party can yield results, provided it offers a minority the prospect of sometime holding the balance of power. The Dixiecrats down South must be looking with keen interest at how New York's Liberal Party is doing.

4. The sheer display of force on the part of organized labor produced a strange revulsion in the electorate and, in the most crucial cases, failed to deliver the labor vote. At least this time the individualism of many union members made them deaf to the appeals of union discipline or group interest.

5. Equally ineffective, at least temporarily, were the various attempts to create new coalitions of interests to link what is vaguely called the welfare state with militant democratic internationalism.

There is a sort of provincial, old-fashioned quality in this latest picture of the American electorate. In this era of electronic gadgets, it looks like a daguerreotype. Many of the new features of American politics seem to have been obscured at least temporarily, like the organized labor vote and the left-of-center or non-Communist-leftish coalition. On November 7, the American people took a disgusted look at the world, and tried to go back to Life with Grandfather.

The Republican Party has its leader in Senator Taft, although it may be slightly to the right of him. Or perhaps Senator Vandenberg, the highest Republican adviser on foreign affairs, can be replaced by a vigorous youngster who represents the oldest American traditions of rabble-rousing—Senator McCarthy. To follow the trend, the Democratic Party, which has been deprived of most of its Senate leaders, should call back to duty a man of Mr. Garner's type and age. This daguerreotype of the American people would be quite restful and on the whole comforting, were we not living in 1950, with Russia breathing on our neck.

How many more drops of real war is the Kremlin going to put into the witches' brew of the world civil war? Unquestionably, the election shows that the American people do not like Communism. This was known before. But how many of the elected representatives of the American people are determined not to do the things that the Kremlin would certainly welcome?

During the campaign the politicians talked to the people in childlike or, to be charitable, unreal terms. The foreign policy of our country was the object of seditious attacks that no McCarran Act could prevent and that the Democratic leaders themselves failed to repulse.

The people of the United States have a desperate need to be talked to as adults. While we wait for the Eighty-Second Congress to run its course, the job of talking to the people, man to man, has fallen on the responsible statesmen who are still in Congress, and most of all, on the press.

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Correspondence

Morale

To the Editor: Up to a point Beverley Bowie's article, "What Makes G.I.'s Fight?", made very interesting reading. But after all the labor he put into it, the unweaned mouse that came forth—like all unweaned mice—didn't have its eyes open.

Pride of outfit is hardly new in Army orientation. Carlson's group certainly had it; they were picked fighters. But Patton's army had it, too, and Patton's troops were run-of-Selective Service. They hated Patton's guts ("our blood, your guts"), but many of their casualties, when reassigned on discharge from hospital, risked courts martial in order to rejoin their old outfits.

Early in the I. & E. program, "Pride of Outfit" was well up on the curriculum at the Orientation School at Lexington, Virginia. It was underlined in the directive under which all I. & E. units operated. The unrelated elements that go to make it up can sometimes fool you, though.

Yank and *Stars & Stripes* have had a good deal of publicity, but (in the E.T.O., at least) the most popular publication perhaps was a pocket-size job put out in the beginning by one man, a captain. It was printed on "beefsteak"—the scrap trimmed from the rolls of paper used by *Yank* and *Stars & Stripes*. I refer, of course, to the division "histories." On one occasion a division commander drove halfway across France to shepherd printed copies back to his troops; he was one of the most popular and efficient C.O.'s in the line.

The connection between these "histories"—paltry though they were—and pride of outfit is readily understandable. They helped the psychological need for identification.

And what about the paratrooper's jump boots? These also were an element in pride of outfit. This particular footgear was prized and polished, polished to the brilliance of a headlight. It was an unmistakable badge—a badge of the elite. Nice, eh?

Your article neglected to mention "combat orientation"—which presumably has some relation to a soldier's ability to take it when the going is roughest. Try your reporter on that.

Meanwhile I think the truth still holds than an informed soldier makes a good soldier. Any takers?

ANDREW STEWART
New York City

To the Editor: Commenting on Beverley Bowie's article "What Makes G.I.'s Fight?", in your October 24 issue, I would recommend that the members of the Army's Information and Education section, instead of polling combat men, take turns in combat themselves. Indeed, since both optimism and loose thinking in war increase as the square of the distance between any given headquarters and the front line, I suggest that *all* rear-echelon personnel be given the privilege. I am sure that the infantry would extend to the Pentagonians in particular an extraordinarily warm welcome.

WILLIAM S. CELLES
Tulsa, Oklahoma

Co-Ops

To the Editor: I have just read William S. Fairfield's "The War on Co-Ops," in the October 10 issue of *The Reporter,* and want you to know what a fine job of reporting and analyzing he has done.

You and your magazine have done a public service to bring into the open some of the activities about which Mr. Fairfield has written.

CHARLES F. BRANNAN
Secretary of Agriculture
Washington

To the Editor: I am not against the co-ops. If anything I am for them. In thirty-five years of teaching marketing, I have tried to present both sides of their case impartially. This has not always been easy. Some twenty years ago I received a letter from a debating coach asking if I could give any references on the negative. Really, there were almost none. All of the material—thousands upon thousands of words—was written by its advocates. With *Inquiry on Cooperative Enterprises in Europe,* the Harvard study, and Burly's book, some more-impartial material appeared. Mr. Fairfield seems to object to the businessmen having a lobby. Let's say lobbies are bad but it's hard to get rid of them and they exist on all kinds of matters.

More specifically, Fairfield in some five thousand words does not explain how much co-ops are taxed and on what; and on what they are exempt and why. He spills words all around but does not give clear statements of what the facts are. Without stating the facts, how can the readers determine if his conclusions are logical? If he does not want the readers to judge but only to take his word for it, why mouth over some of the facts? He does not distinguish among the various kinds of co-ops. The consumer co-ops do not admit that the farmers' and dealers' organizations are real co-ops. He omits the almost religious zeal of the advocates of consumer co-operation.

I don't care if the writer is for or against the co-ops. Your magazine has a perfect right to take either side. But does your magazine have a right to pose as impartial and publish a supposedly impartial article coming to a definite conclusion on a ragged statement of facts? Stated another way, one can be a strong supporter of co-ops and still oppose their tax advantage. If they have no tax advantage why do they object to a change in the law? I wonder if they wouldn't strengthen their position if they renounced it and asked to be taxed like others.

PAUL D. CONVERSE
Urbana, Illinois

Contributors

Jean-Jacques Servan Schreiber, a French journalist who writes frequently for this magazine, is now visiting the United States. . . . Isaac Deutscher is the author of *Stalin: A Political Biography.* . . . William H. Hessler writes for the Cincinnati *Enquirer.* . . . Richard Cope is the pen name of a Washington newspaperman. . . . Dimitri Dejanikus is on the staff of *Pathfinder.* . . . Arthur W. Viner, an economist, works with the Committee for Economic Development. . . . Vance Johnson is a Washington correspondent of the San Francisco *Chronicle.* . . . Theodore White writes from Paris, where he is a correspondent for the Overseas News Agency. . . . William Harlan Hale has recently published a biography of Horace Greeley. . . . Cover by Ishii; map inside front cover by B. Starworth; drawings inside back cover by Robert Bruce.

The Editors

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The Reporter
A FORTNIGHTLY OF FACTS AND IDEAS

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Editor & Publisher: Max Ascoli; *Managing Editor:* Philip Horton; *Assistant Managing Editor:* Robert S. Gerdy; *National Affairs Editor:* Llewellyn White *Copy Editors:* Al Newman, William Knapp; *Art Editor:* Reg. Massie; *Production Manager:* Anthony J. Ballo; *Staff Writers:* Robert K. Bingham, Douglass Cater, Richard A. Donovan, Claire Neikind, Gouverneur Paulding; *Co-Publisher:* Ik Shuman; *Advertising Manager:* Houston Boyles; *Sales Promotion Manager:* L. Marshall Green.

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Editorial

How Not to Be an Empire

Notes on the U.N.

It is rather easy to visualize One World when you fly swiftly around the globe and compress wide expanses of space into a short time. The oneness of the world is a four-dimensional, Einsteinian concept that the traveler grasps through the tumultuous confusion of the fast-rolling continents and peoples. It is infinitely harder to visualize the oneness of the world when you see its various segments, or most of them, represented row upon row in a hall that the eye can encompass.

The eager visitor who for the first time attends a meeting of the U.N. General Assembly finds that here, in the nearest thing to a Parliament of Man, it is not always easy for him to keep his eyes open. The subjects under discussion are extraordinarily important, for they all ultimately revolve on war or peace, but the speeches are by and large so repetitious and dull, the debates on procedural points so long drawn out, that the spectator's attention wanders, and he looks for some famous face to get himself properly keyed up. There is a curious aloofness in the hall, a sense of pervading deafness, evidenced by the earphones everybody wears.

Yet there are several common beliefs and habits that unite the delegates of the sixty nations. They all pay respect to the sovereign equality of nations, great and small—as proven by the unending stream of eloquence pouring from delegates representing the tiny powers. All the delegates seem to have another thing in common: They look well fed, no matter how wretchedly poor the nations they represent.

There are far more colored people among the delegates than the American spectator is accustomed to see at high-class official gatherings—a heartening thing. But what attracts more attention than the varying pigmentation of the delegates is the difference between the locked and the open faces, the Communist and the non-Communist representatives. The only exception among the Soviet diplomats seems to be Vishinsky, whose face, in outbursts of real or synthetic anger, can at times appear frighteningly human. He and his colleagues are reported to be a world unto themselves: Whether or not a peace offensive is on, they share with the other delegates little more than the meeting halls and the washrooms.

In the extraordinary mixture of excitement and boredom that fills the air of the U.N., it is quite difficult to remember what it has achieved in the immediate past and is achieving right now. You are reminded of this when, in the corridor, you hear a loudspeaker call for an Israeli or Indonesian delegate. In both cases, the struggle of people for independence was made legitimate by the deliberations of the Assembly, and the U.N. has proved that it can offer, if not armed protection, at least legal channels and endorsement to new nations that want to establish their own freedom.

But really the orating or quietly snoozing delegates here assembled do not quite represent "one world" —not yet. The defeated nations of the last war are absent. Spain is absent, and so is Red China. It is difficult to understand the criteria for admission to this quasi-universal club. If the lofty principles that the Charter proclaims, the people's welfare and their rights, are to be taken seriously, how can the Communist nations be here, or Trujillo's Dominican Republic, or Perón's Argentina, to mention only a few? But if the main criterion is, as the British maintain, the existence of a firmly established order, how can Spain and Red China be left out? And how can those who advocate the admission of one so bitterly oppose the entrance of the other?

Quasi-universal, promiscuous in its membership, and capricious in its exclusions, the U.N. is still, in spite of a most vigorous world-wide information program, a rather unglamorous institution to which the people of the world feel only a tenuous allegiance. Nowhere is there a party with popular roots and mass support that tries to spread the cause of universal, or U.N., patriotism. Seen from far away by the people of other countries engaged in their own struggles for survival, the U.N. appears as an

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institution that tries to dispose of the world's wholesale difficulties on a piecemeal, retail basis. Seen at close range, here in these halls, the vision of what the U.N. is and does is clouded by the hectic dullness of its debates.

But the spectator had better keep awake, for there has been the U.N. action in Korea, and the Acheson reform that is making the General Assembly a permanent constitutional convention. In the five years before Korea, all the most explosive problems of international life were, sooner or later, in some form or other, referred to the U.N. The U.N. solved a few, like Israel and Indonesia. Others have been stored away. Some, like the blockade of Berlin, were peacefully settled around, if not through, the U.N. Some, like disarmament and the international control of atomic power, are as threatening as ever. But at this session something of momentous importance has happened. One nation—the nation that is host to the U.N.—has become the responsible custodian of U.N. power and ideals.

To a very large extent the radical changes in the U.N. that are taking place today, through the doldrums of the debates, are being determined by the radically changed American attitude toward the U.N. Five years ago, we went into it relying heavily on the Security Council, on the veto power, thinking that the U.N. would afford us continued co-operation with what we considered our Russian ally.

Now, faced by the constantly increasing threat of Russian aggression, our nation has to increase its military might while it gives economic support and direction to the nations on our side. Were we a different kind of people, the growth of our power and our defense of weaker nations would result in the creation of an American empire. Incidentally, if we agreed to become empire builders and empire rulers, peace with the Russian empire would be within reach, on the basis of a naked division of the world into two halves. But we are not an empire and we would not know how to become one.

We are now engaged in our second utterly unprecedented national adventure. Our first was to develop a democracy of continental proportions, and prove, for the first time in the history of mankind, that the democratic form of government was suited to the growth of a great people in a vast territory. The American experience shows that the people, with their work and their votes, can take care of themselves in a fluid society, without a priestly, military, or hereditary governing class.

This time we are out to prove that other people can, in their own way, gain or secure their independence by undergoing the same experience. Britain has succeeded in bringing free nations into existence all over the world, not always quite willingly, at the end of a long historical process. We are determined to do the same job, but deliberately, according to a timetable and a budget. We are not strong enough to arm or rich enough to endow the whole anti-Communist world. But we can lend our strength to arouse strength, and our wealth to get other people started producing wealth. We want to telescope our effort into a very few years, and we do not aim at the establishment of an American commonwealth of nations. The U.N. already exists, and it is good enough for us.

The U.N. is the institution that America needs, and wants, to de-imperialize its growing power. Other nations will not become convinced of our honest intentions just on our say-so. But they will, as they see how we work for our and their benefit within the framework of an international organization whose purposes and interests go far beyond the interests of its component members—including ourselves. The U.N. is not just an instrument of American foreign policy, or a different name for the U. S. Never has it been so clear as now that there could be no U.N. without us and that we could not have a global foreign policy without the U.N.

We do not care to stifle the minds of men with a new dogmatism to counteract Communist dogmatism. Our action in the U.N. is our answer to the aggressions of Stalin and Mao.

Actually, in a completely unplanned way, the U.N. Assembly has begun to assume some of the functions of a third house of Congress. This House is altogether independent of the others, with a quasi-universal constituency, but it is destined somehow to supplement the inadequacies of the other two—for our Congressmen must now legislate about the world although they do not represent the world.

This strange World House, where men bellow, doze, and are deaf to each other, could not be anywhere else but here, in the United States, in New York, very shortly on Forty-second Street, Manhattan. Here, in the mad confusion and creativeness of New York, it is where it belongs. Here our government is accountable to the assembled representatives of the world. Far from controlling them, it frequently has to accept decisions that it hasn't foreseen and doesn't like.

This is a new dimension of politics—politics that is ours and more than ours. It is queer, dull, exciting—a politics that day by day creates new legislative institutions and new precedents. This process of creation is frequently irreverent enough not to conform to our preconceived ideas of how law and world order should come into being.—Max Ascoli

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The Long Road From San Francisco

The author of this article has participated in and observed the development of the United Nations from the beginning.

The United Nations action on Korea has been like a great aerial flare: It not only emits a brilliant light itself, it also illuminates a vast expanse. In its glare many once-hidden features of the international landscape can now be seen.

In 1945, the authors of the United Nations Charter drew up a text to carry out a number of then-dominant conceptions regarding the maintenance of peace. Foremost was the notion that the threat of aggression had to be met by collective military power, and that this could only be achieved by unanimous agreement of the great powers. The chosen instrument, therefore, had to be a small council representing the international community, with a special position of importance for the great powers, which presumably would co-operate only if each of them had the right to block any action taken against itself or its own interests.

There is a prevalent myth that the statesmen who conceived this system were a group of happy and short-sighted optimists who expected the wartime collaboration between the Allies to continue indefinitely, and that the sad events since 1945 have been a great surprise to them. Those with better memories will remember that it was no easy job to get the Charter through the San Francisco Conference, and that the acceptance of great-power predominance and the veto in the Security Council was, in the view of the authors, the best they could get out of either the Soviet Union or the United States Senate. Whether they were right or not at the time is now of less importance than the foresight, or perhaps premonition, that moved them to inject many other features into the international organization besides the almost inevitably veto-bound Security Council.

The memorable accomplishment of these men is that they drafted not a narrow contract but a constitution capable of covering an international community, and adaptable, within limits, to shifts in international life. First of all, in this process of making a living constitution, they set forth a statement of purposes and principles that expressed the common denominator of universal striving for peace, security, and a better life. Second, they created an institution that could function constantly on all matters susceptible of international treatment, from the collection of statistics to the prevention of disease and the fostering of human rights.

In the midst of political tension and mistrust, with appropriations almost infinitesimal in comparison with military expenditures, the United Nations has conducted a widespread program of economic and social activities. One of their important political by-products has been that they have opened doors for the participation of newly emerging societies in the international community. The United Nations' insistence on the development of underdeveloped countries, culminating in the technical-assistance program, has given a large segment of the world's population an increasing feeling that there is something more to international relations than diplomatic protocol and power politics. The operating agencies have brought international effort down to the individual level of the suffering child, the homeless refugee, those stricken with disease, and the hungry pupils in the schools.

In the early days of the organization, it was fashionable for cynics to run down these other activities of the United Nations as a sort of insipid do-goodism, useful only as an escape from the brutal realities of the power situation. This was one of the shadows effectively dissipated by the light of the Korean decision. It was the idea of the United Nations, as expressed in its purposes and principles, that served as the focal point for the rallying of the nations in support of military action to meet aggression. Even the most hard-boiled cynics would have found it impossible for a purely military organization to deal with the Korean problem after the country's liberation, as the political and economic issues become the paramount concern of the international community.

If the authors of the Charter appeared to be right in saying that no Charter could be adopted without the veto, the critics appeared to be equally right in fearing that no Charter could work with it. The demonstration of the workability of the Charter, despite the veto, is perhaps the most rapid constitutional development in history. It has happened both inside and outside the Security Council machinery. The first important event was the acceptance of

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the interpretation that an abstention by a permanent member did not constitute a veto, in the face of the explicit requirement of the Charter of the concurring votes of all the permanent members. Strict constructionists wrung their hands and cried "Violation!"; but the new rule served to permit the Security Council to take action on a whole series of matters, including Palestine, Indonesia, Kashmir, and the admission of Israel—all of which might otherwise have been halted abruptly by failure to reach affirmative unanimity.

More important for the long term was the growing realization that while the Security Council had the primary responsibility for the maintenance of international peace and security, the General Assembly had a co-ordinate responsibility in the same field.

When Senator Vandenberg expressed the hope that the Assembly might become the "town meeting of the world," there were some who thought that this was the most the Assembly ever could aspire to. What was important, they said, was the compulsive power of the Security Council; the General Assembly would only be a talking shop, and its only power was that of making empty recommendations.

What was not then apparent to even the most hopeful was the latent power of the international conscience, even in the face of a power struggle between giants. The General Assembly only recommends; it does not legislate. In theory, its decision in favor of the partition of Palestine was only a recommendation; in practical effect it meant giving an international title to the Jews to establish their state. When the great powers were unable to agree on the disposition of the Italian colonies, in effect they delegated their power to the General Assembly, which took real action, at least on Libya and Somaliland. Again, strict constructionists might be alarmed by the increasing similarity between recommendation and legislation. The General Assembly is far from being a world parliament, but it moves closer and closer to that goal.

One of the ironic overtones of the Korean affair was the reliance by the Security Council on the power of recommendation rather than legal fiat when it called for the use of armed force to meet the aggression. The Charter had carefully spelled out a procedure for setting up armed forces to support the decisions of the Security Council—a procedure that has failed

completely so far. There were times when everyone seemed to have lost faith in the idea of international armed power. But Trygve Lie kept it alive year in and year out, suggesting first a United Nations guard force, and then an interim arrangement of a few divisions under the Security Council. In the blinding flash of June 25 a new resource was found in the powers of the council—to recommend to members what it was, in fact, unable to order. So long as the United States and the other free nations had the firm desire to save the peace, it became apparent that it did not matter whether they were ordered or only asked to do so; they did it for the asking.

Such a lesson cannot be lost on the world community. The General Assembly has now asserted its co-ordinate responsibility for the maintenance of international peace and security in the most positive terms. In its resolution on Uniting for Peace it has set up a

Peace Observation Patrol; put itself in a position to assemble on twenty-four hours' notice to deal with an act of aggression in the event of the Security Council's blockage by a veto; called on the members to maintain United Nations units among their armed forces, to be available for United Nations service; and set up a Collective Measures Committee to study and report further on means to strengthen peace enforcement.

No member of the Assembly voted for this new system in a spirit of "Damn the Security Council—full speed ahead!" There were many heart-searching debates as to whether the Charter was being scrapped. From the debate emerged a much clearer understanding of the whole process of constitutional adaptation which we in America have been learning since the eighteenth century.

Adaptation is no mere legalistic juggling of ambiguous texts. A constitution is viable if it deals with a real community. In the United States of the 1830's the individual states were the reality, the Federal government an abstraction. When the movement of history breathed life into the Federal Union, the Constitution grew and moved with it as the human skin grows with the body. The international community is an even more tenuous abstraction than the Federal Union ever was. The fundamental reality is nonetheless there, as recent months have made plain to all.

The Charter, designed as an ex-

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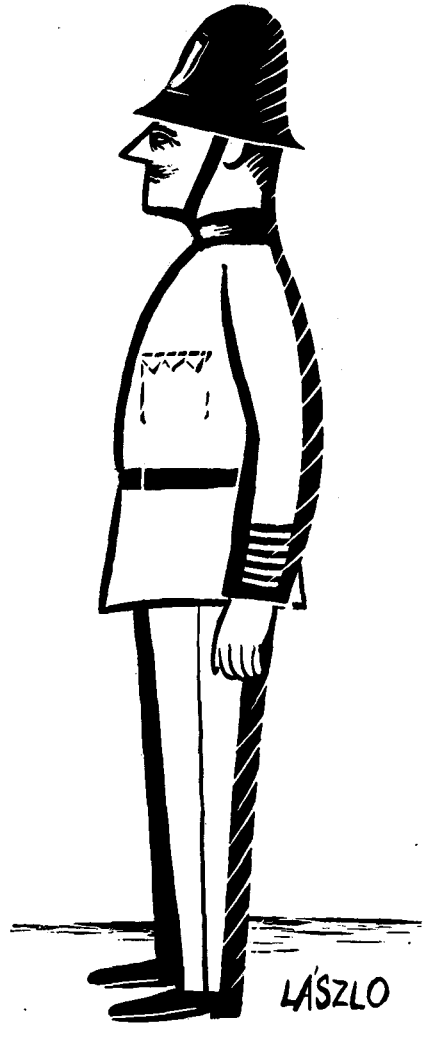
pression of a universal ideal, has become in fact a universal link between national policies and interests. The League of Nations similarly aspired to universality, but it was never much more than the Concert of Europe, plus Japan, China, and some South American states. Of the sixty present members of the United Nations, ten were not in existence in 1930. It is not only the fact that the United States and the Soviet Union are now in the international organization that makes the difference. Asia, the Islamic world, and South America are active participants as well.

The future historian may pay less attention to the great struggle of the giants of East and West than to this extraordinary emergence of the small states and the dependent peoples. In the United Nations, Latin America and Oceania and Asia participate in judgment on the fate of Libya and argue over the denial of human rights in Bulgaria. The infant State of Israel is part of a Peace Observation Patrol that may have to see service in Iran or Yugoslavia, and Turkey sends its sons to fight in a collective enforcement action in Korea. It may be that if the giants had not fallen out, this emergence of the smaller states would never have occurred. In the great propaganda battle, the big powers woo the little ones because they have the votes that can make the majorities. The reasons are less important than the results: With increasing acceleration, a world community is forming.

It is not yet a community of the whole world, and may not be for decades. The Communist bloc remains a dissident minority. In action it carries forward the Marxist-Leninist creed; in words it proclaims itself the only guardian of the sacred and immutable principles of the Charter—the rule of unanimity, the sovereignty of states, the predominance of the Security Council. It is almost as if two different Charters were being invoked—by the majority a dynamic, universal instrument; by the minority a static, narrow text.

The two constitutions are not, of course, the result of differing philosophies of legal interpretation; they result from the obvious political split. The minority, with all its fierce insistence on the letter of the text, is not infrequently prepared to accept the most liberal construction if it suits its political purposes.

Vishinsky, in his fight against the continuation of Trygve Lie's term, spoke as if he were the appointed guardian of the Charter. He had spoken in the same way, and at greater length, on the illegality of the presence of the Chinese Nationalist delegate. When asked why he had supported a candidate proposed by the same Nationalist delegate, he replied that although the delegate's presence was illegal, it was nonetheless a fact, and a realistic statesman always had to recognize facts. Shortly before he said this, Vishinsky had also voted for that portion of the Acheson proposal which set up the Peace Observation Patrol. Five years ago it would have been considered incredible that the Soviet Union could ever agree to permitting the General Assembly to assume such a function.



The two diverse constitutions will presumably never merge into a true unity without a radical change in the underlying political divisions. Nonetheless, the minority's sense of expediency, which has led it to adopt the tactic of strict legalism, may, paradoxically, lead it to bring its version of the Charter closer to the majority version. The unity of purpose of the majority is also a fact that will in time have to be recognized.

For the moment it is worth attention that the minority, exhausting every possibility of obstruction and boycott, still proclaims its devotion to the Charter and still sits in the meetings. The majority has been bold and resourceful in the development of the text, but there are clearly defined limits which cannot be overstepped. If the sense of community is deepening, it still covers a world of sovereign states. If the Assembly is outgrowing its town-meeting stature, it is still far from a true legislature. And a veto with blunted claws still exists.

Those who yearn for the quick miracle of world government will find it hard to reconcile themselves to the intractability of these limits of the Charter. The United Nations is becoming in truth the foundation for a new world order, but the hard core of state sovereignty is intact and probably will stay so for decades, if not generations. The nations have wrought a mighty work of international co-operation during the past five years. They still are nations, however, and by every realistic indication they are determined to remain so. —PUBLIUS

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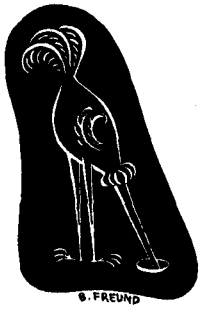
Beyond Nationalism:

Europe Seeks a Higher Allegiance



When you stop a man on a street anywhere in Europe and speak to him about the United Nations, he says that he went through all that long ago, when Messrs. Briand, Stresemann, Eden, Ras Tafari, and others were busily occupied at Geneva creating a happy, peaceful Europe. The experience did not persuade him that speeches in an assembly can prevent two great powers from drifting into war. If Americans still believe in the United Nations, he says, it is because they were not in the League of Nations.

If you speak to him about that Council of Europe, which has several times brought delegates from eighteen nations together at Strasbourg and which could be the starting point for European federation, he will say that he is convinced—no matter how much he may be in favor of European unity—that nothing now can be accomplished independently of the United States, that the only serious ties are those that bind each European nation separately to the United States, and that these bilateral agreements empty the concept of a united Europe of all reality.

If you go on to speak to him of the Atlantic Council, and of the broader community that can be formed by the member nations of the Atlantic Pact, he will tell you that should such a community ever come into existence it would not be an authentic political partnership: It would make the nations of Europe satellites of the United States.

Seeing all this, many American observers think the conclusion is evident: The European no longer believes in anything and has no enthusiasm for anything except his immediate personal interests; Europe itself is broken and sick. Were this conclusion generally accepted, it could have a very serious effect on American policy. But it should not be accepted, for it is false. Europe is not in a state of decomposition; Europe is suffering birth pangs.

The western Europe we know was born in 1945, and at first its only preoccupation was survival. After the war, people looked for food and shelter. No one felt the need of elaborating principles; no individual felt that he belonged to a whole greater than himself; everyone lived from day to day, pursuing personal aims, sustained by personal hopes. Till the end of the war patriotism had held men together in national units, but it had vanished with the armies, lay dormant beneath the ruins of the cities.

That *first* period lasted two years. It was a dangerous one. Only the Communists offered the people a new rallying point—international Communism. Since no one else proposed anything at all, their propaganda was highly successful. In the silence and apathy of Europe, they alone spoke determinedly and aloud.

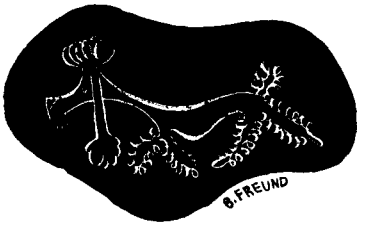
In 1947, Europe was in mortal peril. The West seemed to have nothing to say. Each day brought new material difficulties which strengthened the Communist appeal. It was then that the United States set the Marshall Plan in motion. It produced two immediate results:

First, by relieving Europe's material needs, it freed the minds of Europeans from an exclusive obsession with the difficulties of daily life.

Second, by its new technique it opened up revolutionary possibilities as to what might supersede nationalism. From the very start the Marshall Plan established the principle of a solidarity transcending national frontiers. It aimed to help all Europe; it saw Europe as a whole, not as a complex of juxtaposed nations.

One might have thought that the Marshall Plan, coming after two years of moral prostration, would incline Europeans to accept the principle of international co-operation, the merging of national sovereignties, and the pooling of resources. Actually the Marshall Plan had no such effect. Instead it produced a passionate debate on economic principles and doctrines. Would Europe recover more rapidly by using a planned economy—controls and rationing—or by taking the risks involved in an expanding, free economy? The economic planners debated with the economic liberals, the British and the Belgians, Sir Stafford Cripps with Paul-Henri Spaak. The struggle marked the beginning of a second postwar European period.

The specific problem of creating a new international cell that would be Europe interested only a very few statesmen. Yet it is clear that a certain internationalism was created by the mere fact that the debate on economic measures and doctrines was itself international. Those who favored a planned economy grouped against those who favored free enterprise, regardless of whether they were British, French, or Belgian. The fight con-



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cerned a political principle and a technique for reconstruction; each nation thought in terms of its own situation and needs; yet obviously no decision could be held within national limits; it would be felt, across all frontiers, by a broader community.

Throughout this *second* period neither American nor Russian influence was strong. The United States gave material aid but remained aloof from the debate and intervened only slightly as to the method for distributing Marshall Plan assistance. Nor, at the time, did Russia present any immediate threat. Europeans felt a certain sense of security. There was no sure American purpose, no obvious Soviet peril to compel Europeans to create new forms of human solidarity.

Meanwhile, little by little, the problem of economic reconstruction—the dollar gap, use of Marshall Plan aid—became less pressing. Gradually the conflict between economic planners and free enterprisers lost practical meaning. In France, for instance, the debate on rationing food products, which had been conducted with unheard of political violence, died a natural death when food became available in quantity.

It was then that two further factors came into play. The United States reached a major political decision: The nations of Europe should be united and integrated—especially at the economic level. The second factor—a shock to Europe—was the emergence of Russia as an imminent and massive threat.

By the early months of 1949, a concrete and reasoned desire arose in the minds of Europeans to create a new system, new forms, for international life. Europe entered a *third* period.

Numerous existing international organizations were given more authority; others were created outright. Benelux and the Franco-Italian customs union were attempts at limited but practical union. Three organizations grouped all the principal nations of Europe: OEEC on the economic level; the Brussels Pact on the military; the Strasbourg Council and European Assembly on the political.

Many Europeans, among them the greatest (Churchill, Léon Blum, Spaak) devoted themselves wholeheartedly to this new concept. America brought all its influence to bear in support. But it was not long before European observers saw that this first attempt would soon exhaust itself. It is true that the forms had been instituted but, for lack of public support, they remained lifeless. The European General Staff at Fontainebleau with General de Lattre de Tassigny and Field Marshal Montgomery was a pathetic institution with no army to command. The OEEC, with immense good will, attempted to create an economic program applicable to all Europe, but no one took its advice and each country continued as before to live for itself. The Strasbourg Council, failing to become a real parliament, remained a platform for oratory.

This first wave surged against Europe's habits and inertia, then broke and receded. One incident, a highly symbolic one, forced the most optimistic supporters of European unity to face the reality of failure. All the nations of Europe met in the OEEC to select a President. It was in their power to elect a man to direct all Europe's economy. The only candidate who might have succeeded was Paul-Henri Spaak—an energetic man and a true European. Spaak made a trip to Washington. President Truman, with the evident purpose of showing that Spaak could count on American support, received him at length. Then the OEEC met—in January of this year—and lost its nerve. The delegates elected Dirk U. Stikker, Dutch, competent, and unknown. Once again unification of Europe was postponed. The OEEC remained no more than an administrative organization.

That brings us to February, 1950. Once again Europe was listless: Great Britain busy with its own affairs; Germany isolated and outside the European framework; France silently concentrated on itself. The other nations of Europe stood about waiting for something to happen, but no one in Europe knew what would happen or even what he hoped would happen.

At that time those who looked at Europe felt that the attempt at unity had failed and that the next few months would see a strong reaction toward the old European structure, the old emotions, the old nationalisms. Here and there a few politicians tried to capitalize on this trend, calling for patriotism, flags, and frontiers, denouncing the dangers of idealistic internationalism. But they did not get far. They had misjudged public opinion. Europeans looked as if they had given up all hope. But, deep down, instinctively, they continued to hope, they had to hope, that something better could be invented than the nationalisms which had ruined their lives.

It was then that Europe suddenly produced two creative ideas. Both came out of France. The first was defined in April by Georges Bidault. Bidault thought that the only base upon which a system of interlocking nationalisms could be built was the Atlantic Community. The Atlantic Pact, a diplomatic alliance, must be transformed into a real operative federation by providing it with centralized executive organisms. Bidault proposed creating an Atlantic High Council empowered to organize a common system of defense and economic co-operation.

His proposal obtained immediate support from the delegates of the several European nations, who at the time were meeting at The Hague. The European public saw in it the possibility of making something much stronger and more adapted to the times than the European Union, which had been attempted and had failed. But Washington was cold to the project. America had indeed suggested that the sovereignties of European nations be subjected to reciprocal limitation, but America was reluctant to endorse a system that bound it to Europe and in which these limitations would be applied immediately to itself.

One month later the idea of another

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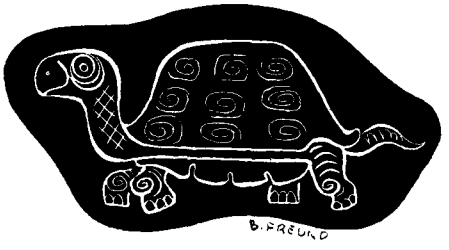
Frenchman, Jean Monnet, was launched—unexpectedly—by Foreign Minister Robert Schuman at the London Conference. The Schuman plan, which gave up any attempt to create a unified Europe all at once, sought to take a first local, practical, and immediate step by fusing German and French heavy industry. The United States immediately gave full support to the project—which represented a radical change in Europe's traditional habits and thinking.

This brings us to May, 1950, and to the beginning of the *fourth* period. For two projects—the Schuman plan and the plan for an Atlantic Community—aroused a storm of political passion. Both plans were fervently endorsed, bitterly opposed. But it was more complicated than that. Men who supported one of them opposed the other; some supported or opposed both. All the political parties of Europe took a stand. For the first time Europe's fundamental political debate—to have



unity or not—crystallized around practical proposals.

From then on the two projects developed side by side. At first the Schuman plan seemed to gain ground. The project for an Atlantic Community seemed to lag behind.

But then the Korean War came. The whole western world was endangered and the necessity for merging all its resources and plans made the need for a true and living Atlantic Community far more urgent than that for any regional—even if European—unity. That is why the French brought up the Bidault plan again in August. The French proposed a mechanism through which an Atlantic federation could function: a common military force, a pooled military budget, economic control boards, and so forth: briefly, nearly as close a co-operation as that which existed between Canada and the United States during the last war. French hopes were not fulfilled.

Events made the Schuman plan obsolete. The West Germans had favored the scheme because they saw an opportunity to regain their industrial position, and with it their position as a European power. The call for immediate rearmament changed the situation entirely. America insisted that Europe give top priority to armament, and that meant Germany too. The Germans no longer needed the Schuman plan. They could make steel without it, and the more the better. Discussion of the plan dragged. But another discussion began: that about German rearmament. It brought bitter memories to the French.

Now there is a new crisis. After the attempts, the failures, the renewed hopes and the disappointments, the people of Europe stand at another crossroads. In every nation of Europe political groups openly advocate a return to nationalism. At every failure and disappointment these groups have taken a stronger stand and have won increased popular support. It is well to consider de Gaulle as the extreme case. But nationalism, in varying degree and different political coloration, is to be found throughout Europe.

These parties, and their leaders, have policies that are the precise opposite of internationalism. They say that a people cannot find the will to work and the will to resist through any theoretical concept or by permitting any dilution of national sovereignty. The anvil on which strength can be forged is patriotism, and national discipline is the hammer. Anything else is a game for intellectuals and can never replace what centuries of tradition, struggle, and national cultures have formed.

The European of today is in a state of moral and, consequently, political confusion. A Frenchman today is not sure what courage and truth demand of him. To what community does he belong and owe supreme allegiance? So great is the confusion that one can imagine a man shot for treason because of his allegiance to Europe—or shot for nationalism.

That is Europe's postwar story. It is not the story of inert or cynical people. On the contrary it shows a Europe that

is groping, but with determination, to find a new and high allegiance beyond nationalism.

Europe's path runs along a precipice—but it is nevertheless a path which climbs. One may say that the nearer we come to new formulas for international life, the greater will be the danger of extreme nationalism. That may be necessary. The creative process works that way.

Europe is a seismograph registering with peculiar intensity the shock of change that moves our world and is clearly observable in the United Nations. That organization, too, proceeds from crisis to crisis, but in a process of growth—creating and recreating its own life. At each crisis it has appeared in danger of dying. It has never died. It is stronger than ever.

Then there is the interaction between Europe and the United Nations. The increase in United Nations prestige in recent months strengthened Europe's struggle for unity. The nations of Europe, learning slowly to integrate their strength, in turn strengthen the United Nations.

The advance toward internationalism proceeds by action and reaction. That is history, working in its normal way—a way most trying on the nerves.

To observe the long, uneven process, the critical faculty is useful; faith is more useful still.

—Jean-Jacques Servan Schreiber

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Big Men From Small Countries

The number of tank divisions and aircraft factories a delegate has behind him lends resonance to his voice at the U.N., but representatives of small nations have, to a surprising degree, been able to talk, argue, and reason their ways to positions of real international importance. Technically, this can be credited to the principle of sovereign equality in the General Assembly, and the Charter's provision for six small-nation members on the Security Council. But it has been the personal qualities of some small-nation delegates that have enabled them to take advantage of their technical privileges and raise their voices for common sense and peace.

The fortunes of diplomats who happen to have been born in out-of-the way parts of the world rise and fall irregularly at the U.N., depending upon their own abilities and also, of course, upon the stability and support of their home governments. Juan Bramuglia of Argentina, widely praised for his intervention in the Berlin blockade, was called home by his government, and the importance of Argentina at the U.N. has diminished accordingly. Bramuglia's influence and publicity had apparently incited the jealousy of his boss, Juan Perón, who first ordered the Argentinian newspapers not even to publish the name of the country's Foreign Minister and chief U.N. delegate, and then sacked him.

Another delegate whose departure has decreased the influence of his nation in U.N. circles is Paul-Henri Spaak of Belgium, whose personal stature was such that he seemed to speak not only for Belgium, but for all of Europe.

Herbert Evatt of Australia, President of the General Assembly in 1948, who for a time personified the determination of small and middle powers to keep the U.N. going in the face of growing East-West belligerence, was obliged to withdraw from his place of prominence at the U.N. by the defeat of his party at the last election. But his successor, Percy Spender, gives promise of being able to maintain the Australian delegation's reputation for wit and independence; his successful move in the Korean interim committee to limit the authority of Syngman Rhee to South Korea presented at least one major power—the United States—with an obligation which it may not have anticipated.

Bramuglia, Spaak, and Evatt have gone, but others have appeared to take their places.

Although Chile, like most Latin American nations, usually votes with its large neighbor to the north, Hernan Santa Cruz, Chile's chief delegate,

Hernan Santa Cruz

maintains a proud and occasionally disconcerting independence. Andrei Vishinsky, in discussing candidates who would be acceptable to the Soviet Union to succeed Trygve Lie, is reported to have said, "Who is our worst enemy in Latin America? Santa Cruz. We will take even him." Santa Cruz, however, was far from certain that the United States would have greeted his candidacy with enthusiasm. "They think I'm too much of a hell-raiser," he explained.

Santa Cruz, who is good-looking, affable, and taller than most other Latin-American delegates, was appointed to his present post at the age of forty in 1946 when his friend Gabriel Gonzalez Videla was elected President of Chile. A lawyer who specialized in military law, Santa Cruz had had no diplomatic experience before his appointment.

Santa Cruz's primary concern has been for the possibilities of the United Nations to offer practical economic help to the peoples of the world. In the summer of 1947 he called for the establishment of an Economic Commission for Latin America. This proposal, made almost concurrently with announcement of the Marshall Plan for Europe, was based on the conviction that the business of securing peace requires not only economic reconstruction, but also economic *development*. The world, he argued, ". . . must be shown that the United Nations is something more than what the world press proclaims each day: an arena to which the Great Powers come to match their strength"—a sentiment that undoubtedly goes for most of the small-nation diplomats.

It was probably in the spring of 1948 that Santa Cruz earned Vishinsky's citation as the Soviet Union's "worst enemy in Latin America." On instruc-

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Lebanon's Charles Malik

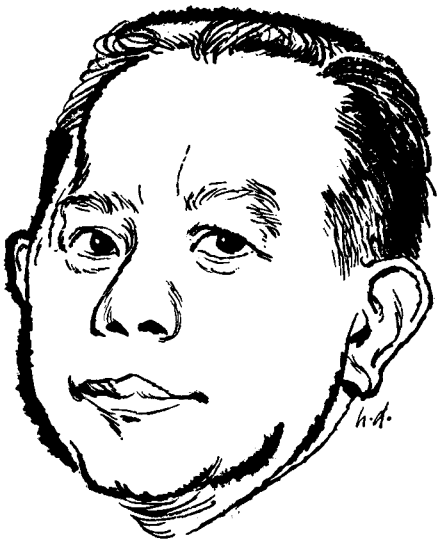
tions from his government, whose domestic troubles with Communists had led Chile to sever diplomatic relations with the Soviet Union, Santa Cruz demanded that the Security Council take action on the charges of Jan Papanek that the Communist coup in Czechoslovakia had been directed from Moscow. At first Santa Cruz found himself virtually alone in this campaign; under the headline BIG WEST POWERS SHUN CZECH CASE, the New York *Times* suggested at the time that ". . . the United States does not want to leave itself open to the charge of swamping the Council under the weight of the bad feeling between Washington and Moscow." Santa Cruz, representing a nation of about five million inhabitants, was not so timid as the big western powers about challenging the Soviet Union, but got for his pains only a discouraging pair of Soviet vetoes.

As President of the Economic and Social Council, whose activities he has constantly tried to expand, Santa Cruz is currently directing the formulation of plans for reconstructing Korea.

Charles Malik of Lebanon is a scholar and a philosopher who has brought dignity and thoughtfulness to all of the United Nations activities in which he has participated. As a Christian from an Arab state, Malik was able to inject a tone of reason into the emotionally explosive problem of Jerusalem. More than any other diplomat who took part in the discussion, Malik can claim responsibility for the U.N.'s adoption in December of 1949 of the plan to place the Holy City under U.N. guardianship.

Malik managed to win this victory after an uphill fight in which he seemed at the outset to have no chance of success. Both the United States and Great Britain opposed the internationalization of Jerusalem for reasons of big-power politics: To police a city occupied by both Israeli and Arab forces, the U.N. itself would have to send forces, and the western powers were not interested in setting up an international force which would allow Russian troops to move into the Near East. Malik also had to work hard to convince the delegates of Latin-American and other predominantly Catholic countries that the Vatican did not oppose internationalization. Against apparently hopeless odds, Malik won his fight, and although Jerusalem has not yet changed hands, his victory demonstrated the strength that could be mustered by small nations in the face of big power politics.

Another delegate whose importance in U.N. meetings cannot be explained by the size of his country—or by his own size, for that matter—is Carlos Romulo, chief delegate of the Philippines. Romulo, a tirelessly energetic man of forty-nine, is the Foreign Secretary of his country, its ambassador to Washington, a general in both the Philippine and the American armed forces, a successful journalist, and a writer of best-sellers. Winner of a Pulitzer Prize in 1941 for his reporting on the war in the Pacific, Romulo works understandingly with U.N. journalists even when roused at two or three in the morning by reporters who would not dare to wake any other diplomat at that hour.



Carlos P. Romulo

Romulo, who was President of the General Assembly last year, began his career at the United Nations humbly. When the Charter was being drawn up at San Francisco in 1945, the Philippines were not yet an independent nation. Romulo was treated by the Russians as the American counterpart of their own well-disciplined Byelorussian delegate. But Romulo did not intend to be classified with the satellites.

The framers of the Charter were attempting to establish, for the first time in history, the rights of the world community to inspect and, in some cases, to supervise the colonies of great powers. Romulo demanded more. He wanted the ideal of eventual independence for all non-self-governing territories to be written into the Charter. Great Britain fought against this, but Romulo would not give in. Harold Stassen of the United States tried to compromise, but Romulo, supported by delegates of other recently independent nations, got his way.

Having established the ideal of self-government for colonial peoples, Romulo has been uncompromisingly insistent on the necessity of translating the Charter's words into action. When Indonesia was fighting for independence, Romulo led the attack in the U.N. against the Dutch and their apologists. The treatment of the Indian minority in South Africa, regarded by the South African government as a domestic matter in which the U.N. had no authority to intervene, drew from Romulo some of his most eloquent denunciations of race discrimination. From time to time Romulo's embarrassingly positive attitude on the colonial question has led western diplomats to accuse him of being a stalking-horse for the Kremlin. One of his bitterest verbal battles was fought with Sir Hartley Shawcross of Great Britain, who accused Romulo of "corridor intrigues."

"I learned the art of corridor intrigues from you," Romulo shot back.

If Romulo is a stalking-horse for the

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Kremlin, he is certainly an undependable one. Vishinsky, who once characterized Romulo as "the little man who always spreads a lot of noise around him," was told to shut up and sit down last year when Romulo was President of the General Assembly. Trygve Lie, sitting at Romulo's right, whispered excitedly, "You can't do that. Nobody ever gaveled down Vishinsky."

"It's already done," said Romulo, as Vishinsky stomped off the speaker's platform. The Russian showed his respect for "the little man" with caviar and champagne, plus roses for Mrs. Romulo, and by withdrawing his inflammatory draft resolution on the Greek question in order not to embarrass Romulo, who was trying (successfully) to intervene in the execution of some Greek political prisoners. Again this year, Vishinsky expressed his respect for Romulo's "fairness," recalling his masterly handling of the debates. Romulo, an old hand at silencing speakers who go beyond the bounds of parliamentary propriety, once broke a gavel shutting up Ales Bebler of Yugoslavia.

Pandit Nehru once reproached Romulo for not acting like an Asian. "I am not *only* an Asian," said Romulo. "We Filipinos are the product of three cultures—Asian, American, and European." Having earned both the anger and the respect of his colleagues, Romulo is widely considered to have been the best President the General Assembly has had or will have for some time. Many delegates would have been delighted to vote for him as Secretary-General.

Charles Malik, Hernan Santa Cruz, and Carlos Romulo are not the only big men from small countries. To the list could be added the names of Nasrollah Entezam of Iran, Lester Pearson of Canada, Sir Zafrullah Khan of Pakistan, Luis Padilla Nervo of Mexico, and others.

The U.N., which has no jurisdiction over individuals, provides a stage on which individuals can rise above the weakness of their own countries and speak for far wider constituencies. At their best, the delegates of small nations, who are not burdened by the economic and military responsibilities weighing on the big powers, can speak for the silent of all countries.

—Robert K. Bingham

What Russia Is After

When Andrei Y. Vishinsky addressed the United Nations Political and Security Committee, pleading for the full retention of the veto, the Kremlin had already suffered one defeat in Korea and was preparing for another at Flushing. Both mark the end of a chapter in international relations.

In Korea, for the first time in postwar history, an agreed line of demarcation between the Soviet and the American zones of influence has been obliterated. Somebody in the Politburo may be arguing now that this would not have happened if that august body had not been misinformed about American intentions; and somebody may be looking for a scapegoat. Whatever the miscalculations and whoever the scapegoat, the fact remains that in Korea one of the important decisions of Yalta and Potsdam was rendered null and void. Not only did the western powers react, arms in hand, against an attempt to widen the Soviet sphere of influence; they reduced that zone appreciably. Communism has not merely been "contained" in the Far East—it has been thrown back.

Secretary of State Dean Acheson's plan for the United Nations—his New Charter—has achieved a similar result in Flushing Meadow. Here, too, the Russians have for the first time been thrown back from an agreed line—the line of the veto. One of the pillars of the agreements worked out by the Big Three during the war has been hollowed out, if not destroyed. Hitherto no member of the United Nations had dared defy the veto. Now it is possible to ignore it.

Both in Korea and in the United Nations the world has witnessed a startling collapse of Stalin's defenses.

Kim Il Sung's régime broke down in a moral as well as a military sense. The North Korean troops realized that neither the Russians nor the Chinese were prepared to come to their aid at the decisive time. Stalin's noncommittal answer to Kim Il Sung's message of loyalty must have had a shattering effect on the morale of the North Korean Communists. The bulk of their army went into captivity. Kim Il Sung's appeal for a "scorched-earth" retreat evoked no response.

In Flushing Meadow, Vishinsky has not even tried to dramatize the Soviet retreat by a threat of diplomatic "scorched earth." He fought a verbal delaying action against the virtual abolition of the veto; he recalled Stalin's 1936 disavowal of any export of revolution; and he repeatedly emphasized the "lofty aims" (peace and the security of nations) that inspire all members of the United Nations. He and his superiors in Moscow can hardly have great illusions about the effectiveness of all this. The legal arguments must have left the man in the street cold, stupefied by Vishinsky's maze of paragraphs and provisions.

Similarly, Stalin's disavowal of the export of revolution sounds less convincing than ever in western ears. Finally, the words about "the lofty aims by which we all are united" can hardly serve any purpose of Soviet propaganda. For, if they make any impression at all, they tend to invalidate the usual assertions of Soviet propaganda, at a time when unguarded American talk about preventive war was investing them with some plausibility and causing anxiety in western Europe. If all members of the United Nations cherish the same "lofty aims," where, then, are the "warmongers"?

More important still, the Soviet Foreign Minister has not given even the slightest intimation, as he might have been expected to do, that his govern-

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ment will consider Secretary Acheson's New Charter illegal. He has not rejected the Acheson proposals. He has contented himself with proposing amendments to them, thereby implicitly acknowledging their legality.

How does Moscow hope to extricate itself from the two major defeats?

In Korea, the answer may be simple. It probably consists in writing off a loss, unless, of course, the Communists decide to wage a protracted border war to siphon off American strength, as appears possible at this writing. Stalin knows how to take his losses without batting an eye. True, MacArthur's forces will now be within striking distance of Vladivostok and Manchuria. True, all Asian nations have now seen that Soviet friendship may be a broken reed. But the loss of face can be made up for, at least in part. Soviet propagandists will now argue that Moscow has let down its Korean protégés from sheer devotion to peace; that Soviet troops are not anxious to reoccupy a country once they have evacuated it. This line of argument may not prove altogether unconvincing, in Asia and elsewhere. For the rest, the Kremlin may wait and see how the United States and the United Nations are going to handle the Korean pack of postwar trouble.

The diplomatic defeat in Flushing Meadow is of immeasurably greater consequence, and the Soviet government apparently does not see how to get over it. Nor can it gauge at present all the implications of this defeat. What Moscow sees is the scrapping of the wartime compacts and agreements. But how far will the western powers, and especially the United States, go? What role will the United Nations play? Stalin must be reckoning with the most dramatic possibilities: A situation may arise in which the General Assembly, obviating the Soviet veto on the Security Council, will "recommend" that United Nations troops cross into East Germany, eastern Berlin, eastern Austria, Czechoslovakia, or Albania. What then?

These possibilities may seem remote. But the Kremlin cannot forget the Korean precedent, and it believes that it was with an eye to these remoter possibilities that Acheson and John Foster Dulles set out to reduce the Security Council to a shadow, and to invest great powers in the General Assembly. To be sure, the Korean precedent would not have been set if the Kremlin had not induced the North Korean Communists to cross the 38th parallel. Stalin is therefore not going to repeat a similar mistake elsewhere, especially in Germany. But he must, anyhow, anticipate increased western pressure on the positions he holds.

He may, of course, try to console himself by asking: How many divisions has the United Nations? Not more than those which the North Atlantic Alliance can command. To this extent Acheson's proposals have changed nothing in the balance of power. But Stalin is not so obtuse as to miss the moral advantages which accrue to the North Atlantic powers when they act or fight under the U.N. flag.

Seen from Moscow, Secretary Ache-

'. . . somebody may be looking for a scapegoat.'

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son's New Charter looks like a diplomatic trap sprung upon the Soviets. It is as difficult for the Soviets to break out of it as it is to stay in it. It is as difficult for them to denounce the illegality of the New Charter as to accept its legality. The dilemma is not quite new. After the First World War, Lenin decided to boycott the League of Nations, calling it a "robbers' den," where victorious imperialist powers were united in guarding the Versailles settlement. At Yalta, Stalin decided that it would be clever to join the new "robbers' den" and to guard with other victors the super-Versailles that was to follow the Second World War. He hoped that the condominium of the Big Three, that dream of a new Holy Alliance, would take on flesh and blood and last well into the peace; that at least it would leave its mark on the peace settlement. The untrammeled veto in the Security Council was to safeguard Soviet freedom of movement within the condominium and within the United Nations.

In the postwar struggle between East and West this dream has faded. The wartime alliance has been incapable of producing a peace settlement. More than once Lenin's words about the "robbers' den" must have since occurred to Stalin and to other members of the Politburo. Was it wise, after all, to join the United Nations and be exposed to constant criticism?

Acheson's New Charter, so it might seem, has given the Russians a fair opportunity to leave, with the not implausible argument that the Charter, on the basis of which they had agreed to join after prolonged and arduous negotiations, has been torn to pieces. If so momentous a revision of the status of the General Assembly had been undertaken a year or two ago, the Russians might indeed have banged the door. Their absence from the United Nations in the first half of this year reflected the Politburo's vacillation. Incapable of solving the dilemma—to leave or not to leave?—Stalin temporarily decided on the half measure of boycott, only to call it off when the U.N. intervened in Korea.

After the Korean debacle Stalin does not dare to defy the United Nations openly, let alone boycott or leave it, in spite of Acheson's "provocation." From the Russian viewpoint, the most alarming result of the Korean campaign is not what has been going on in Korea but what has happened in the United States; not the collapse of Kim Il Sung's régime, not even the fact that MacArthur's forces have approached the Siberian frontier, but American rearmament and the disquieting growth of the anti-Russian mood in the States. The Politburo knows pretty well that it has itself to thank, at least in part. And it is well aware that Russia's departure from the United Nations would now bring the tension almost to the breaking point.

And so the Soviet representatives in the United Nations have been instructed to strive strenuously for a slackening of tension. Vishinsky has switched from his accustomed role of prosecutor to that of defense counsel, displaying thereby all his jejune gentility and charm. His argument against Acheson and even against Dulles lacked the bitterness of the political fight. Most of it was couched in terms of a learned disputation between the gentlemen of the long robe. The legal arguments were duly mixed with agreeable recollections of the old times "when we were all together" and with declarations of sympathy and friendship. "Gentlemen, I must return to Moscow with an out-of-court settlement," Vishinsky seemed to say.

To underline Russia's desire to lessen tension, Vishinsky once again urged the western powers to sign a peace pact and reduce armaments by one-third. These proposals were rejected last year, and Moscow could hardly hope that they would be accepted now. But this time Vishinsky placed more emphasis on Russia's readiness to accept international atomic inspection, believing that if the United States goes on demanding international management and ownership, neutral opinion will blame the United States rather than Russia.

Another Russian gesture of "good will" is the announced readiness to talk about a Japanese peace treaty. Until recently Moscow obstructed preliminary work on this on the ground that the main provisions of the treaty should be agreed upon by the great powers before they are submitted to all the member states of the Far Eastern Commission. This objection, highly unpopular with the small nations, has now apparently been dropped. Resuming talks on the Japanese peace, Moscow will champion the right of Mao's China to have its say. If the United States goes on boycotting the Peking government—such is Moscow's calculation—it will be the United States, not Russia, that will appear to obstruct a Far Eastern settlement.

To be again on speaking terms with the West is Moscow's immediate purpose in the new situation. That is why Vishinsky responded with greater eagerness than was shown by his American, British, and French colleagues to the Syrian-Iraqi proposal for a Big Five conference. Here again Moscow thinks that if China's representation proves the stumbling block, it will be American, not Russian, good will that will suffer.

But, assuming that the Chinese issue is solved, with what may Russia come to the great-power conference? The Politburo is aware that it must produce some scheme of peace settlement and some compromise proposals. It knows that sooner or later it must, in Vishinsky's words, "go half way" to meet the West. But it does not know just how far that "half way" goes. What is obvious is that the longer the present tension lasts, the greater the momentum of the American armament drive. To slow down its momentum is a vital Russian interest.

If and when a great-power conference meets, its agenda is likely to be dominated by other issues than those which agitated the General Assembly this fall. The Korean problem will

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have lost its urgency, even if the North Koreans continue guerrilla warfare. On control of atomic energy, no government headed by Stalin can possibly go further than the limit indicated by Vishinsky—endorsing international inspection but not international management—and in all likelihood it will not go that far. Agreement on an Austrian treaty is almost complete, but Moscow looks upon this as a mere appendix to peace with Germany, and sees no reason for signing an appendix as long as the main text has not even begun to take shape. If no new conflicts intervene meantime, Germany should claim the most attention at the conference.

It was no matter of chance that while Vishinsky argued defensively at Flushing Meadow, Molotov assembled the Communist Foreign Ministers in Prague to make a pronouncement on Germany. On the face of things, the Prague conference produced nothing new. It repeated proposals first made at a 1948 conference in Warsaw. Mere passage of time has not made these proposals more acceptable to the West. Yet the Prague proposals do contain a hint of a new approach. For the first time Moscow has put forward in specific form its ideas on the merger of the eastern and western German administrations.

The basis of the proposed merger—parity between the two Germanies—was absurd. But the novelty of the project lies in this: Moscow has now told Pieck and Ulbricht that they may have to accept as partners Adenauer and his followers, whom they have been denouncing as traitors and quislings. It remains to be seen whether this is going to be the starting point of a new "line," and whether, in the course of time, Moscow is going to climb down and gradually interpret "parity" as meaning something like proportional representation, which might be a face-saving formula allowing for the actual subordination of eastern Germany to Bonn.

So far the Politburo has certainly not reconciled itself to so unpleasant and startling a prospect. Perhaps it may never do so. What the performances of both Vishinsky and Molotov have revealed is the confusion in the Politburo and its uneasiness about the new Damoclean sword over its head.

—Isaac Deutscher

World Government: Minimal, Medial, Maximal

In the 1920's, out of the disillusionment of a military victory that did not bring political and social peace, Americans in enormous numbers turned to stark pacifism. In Britain and France, the drift was even more widespread. In England, droves of young men signed the Oxford Oath, which they had to forget in a few years. Pacifism, mingled with isolationism, was the prime response of well-intentioned people of the western world in the wake of the First World War. Only a handful, in America at any rate, channeled their good intentions into the ailing League of Nations.

In the 1950's, it is otherwise. The Second World War made a different impact. The futility of a personal pacifism has become all too obvious, and there is virtually no pacifism of that emotional character in mid-century America. Instead, mass protests against the notion of war have settled into the pattern of global designs for an enforced peace. World government in sundry forms is the successor to the pacifism of the 1920's.

Like the pacifism of a generation ago, the movement for world government ignores some pervasive realities of world politics. Good intentions, in the 1950's as in the 1920's, are a poor substitute for clear vision. The advocates of world government argue from a false analogy when they compare today's world with the thirteen American colonies. They imperil the very existence of the United Nations when they propose to make it what the statesmen of 1945 knew it could not be—an agency that represents only one of the two great mid-century power combinations.

They propose democratic procedures for the government of a world that has never known democracy, save in a few small segments. And they count on fear—fear of atomic catastrophe—as a compelling incentive to union, when in fact fear leads men inescapably back to national armament and mutual distrust. It may be, too, that the drive for world government wastes some of the idealism that is desperately needed to support an enlightened national foreign policy, keyed to what is attainable.

Like other religions, the new movement is deeply cut through by sectarianism. When the ultimate goal is as exalted as a single government for all mankind, there are bound to be many roads. Some take one, some another. Which road a world governmenter

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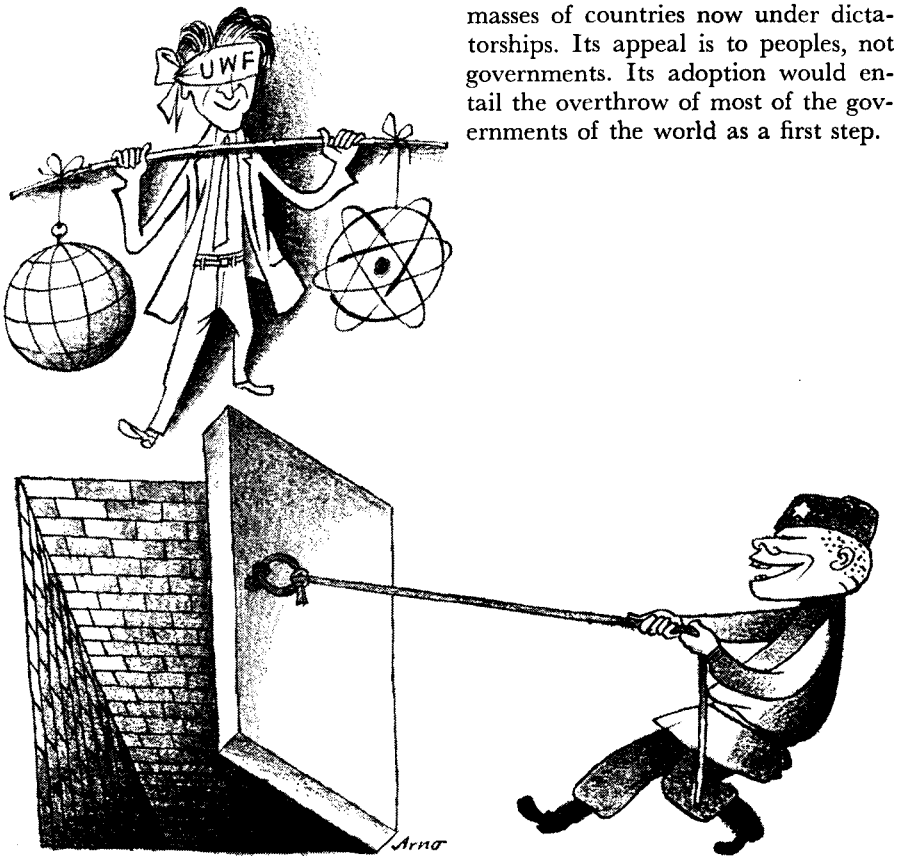
takes will commonly depend on the measure of his impatience. A sublime objective induces an intellectual euphoria, and this in turn often dissipates the will to notice obstacles. Doctrine therefore hinges on one's degree of intoxication with the ultimate vision.

So we have a hierarchy of divergent doctrine. First there are the *minimalists,* who believe it is desperately urgent to get *some* world federation very soon—before the earth is despoiled by atom terror. They will settle for a federation that assigns to the world government only the power over military forces. The minimalists would abolish national armies and fleets, and create a single world police force under a veto-free executive body. They would not propose a bill of rights for a world in which the bulk of people have never had civil rights guaranteed by law. They would not vest in the world government any authority whatever to deal with the causes of war, or any authority to make the peaceful changes that might ease the strains making for conflict.

Then there are the *medialists,* who reach for a pattern of world government that actually will deal with the most pressing of the world's problems but still may prove acceptable to a good many existing governments. The medialists advocate not only the pooling of armies, air forces, and fleets in a world police force, but also the vesting in a world government of power to regulate currencies, the migration of peoples, tariffs, and other aspects of world trade. To make such a government effective, they would give it limited but direct taxing powers over the peoples of the world. And they also would plump for a bill of rights, for the protection of all individuals covered by the world government. Medialism draws heavily on the experience of the early United States, insisting that the new world government must have direct powers over individuals and not simply work through national governments.



Then come a totally different breed—the *maximalists.* The most familiar and certainly the most vocal of them are in the Committee to Frame a World Constitution, centered at the University of Chicago. Their program is not merely visionary but revolutionary as well, having been drawn to attract the submerged and oppressed masses of countries now under dictatorships. Its appeal is to peoples, not governments. Its adoption would entail the overthrow of most of the governments of the world as a first step.

It is a pale shadow the Chicago visionaries cast across the world, by comparison with the stern, ruthless, headlong drive for world power that stems from the Kremlin. Yet it is proper to compare them. One is a gnat buzzing harmlessly in the American air, the other an angry, lumbering elephant with blood in his eyes. Yet in terms of purpose they are one in seeking a world revolution, for which they have their respective blueprints, rigid and doctrinaire.

The maximalists, from their ivory tower in Chicago, would set up a world government with even greater powers over the whole earth than the United States government now has over its territory and people. Besides controlling armaments and atomic energy, this world republic would provide a world bill of rights outlawing all racial and religious discrimination and forbidding tyranny everywhere. It would regulate all economic affairs of an international nature, including transport and communications. It would levy direct taxes on the citizens of the world republic.

It would place the more backward territories directly under the world government until they were ready for autonomy in their local affairs. It would provide social security for every family in the world, and education for every child. Henry Wallace's global dairy, leaving a quart of milk on the doorstep of each African family each morning, was a cowardly and hesitant piece of medialism by comparison. Revealing its essentially socialist character, the Chicago formula would give the world republic actual ownership and control of all economic enterprises vested with a public interest or prone to a monopolistic nature. To conduct this grandiose world socialist state, the maximalists would have a complete democratic government, chosen throughout the world by direct election.

Maximalism, medialism, minimalism—these esoteric phrases might seem a forbidding mumbo-jumbo to frighten off converts. But it is not so. The sectarian jargon keeps the door ajar for every infidel seeking salvation. Whatever his doctrinal objections, he can find one sect somewhere in the world-government movement that answers them all.

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The diversity of organizations in the world-government movement fully matches the variety of doctrines. Among them are the Citizens for U.N. Reform, Federal Union, Atlantic Union Committee, American Association for the United Nations, Foundation for World Government, Campaign for World Government, United World Federalists, and, most imaginative of all, the afore-mentioned Committee to Frame a World Constitution.

Each of these is a more or less nation-wide outfit for the express and exclusive purpose of urging world government in some form. Some can be written off as very minor asteroids in the firmament of global government. The most substantial are Clark Eichelberger's American Association for the United Nations, Owen J. Roberts's Atlantic Union Committee, and the United World Federalists.

Formed to support and spread a knowledge of the United Nations, Mr. Eichelberger's outfit has been maneuvered by competition into appearing a reactionary enterprise, to defend the existing U.N. against those who might destroy it by trying with undue zeal to reform it. Atlantic Union is a much more venturesome affair, seeking with a fair degree of realism the fusion of the North Atlantic democracies into a working union of peoples already proved capable of self-government. Beyond is the formidable aggregation of well-intentioned folk who constitute United World Federalists, Inc. They have the most steam, the most faith, the most brass, and the most local chapters.

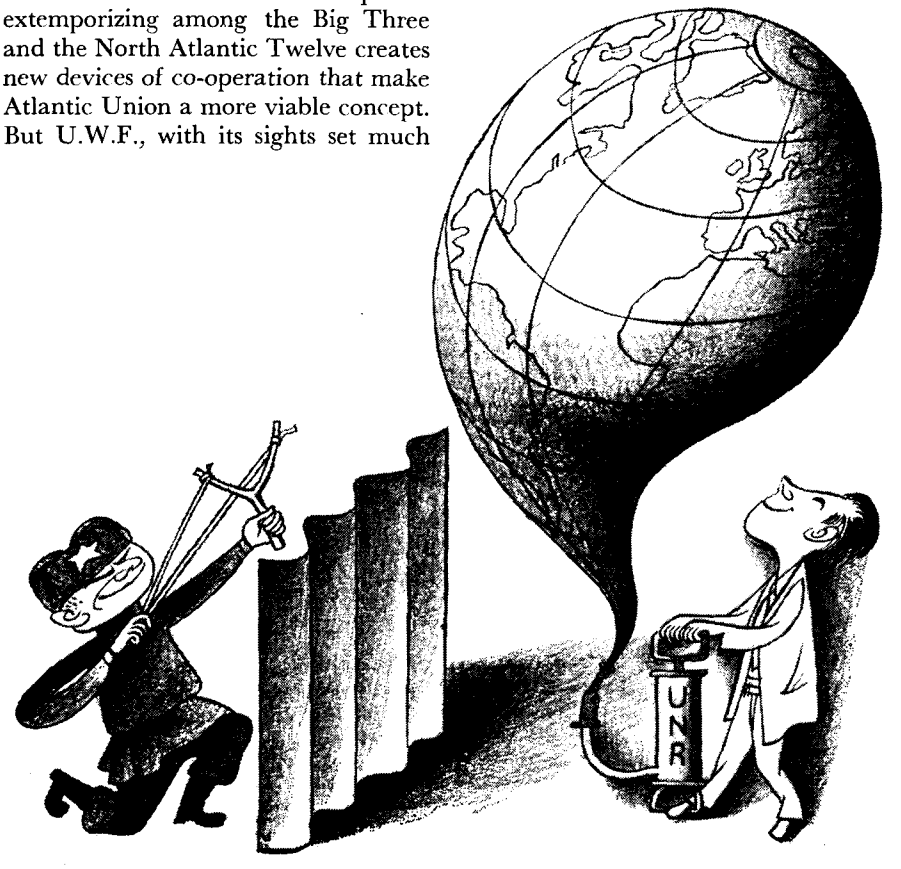
United World Federalists has kept the door wide open. Cord Meyer, Jr., one of its key leaders, has been in the main a minimalist. Another, Vernon Nash, has taken a medialist position. Recruiting sergeants for U.W.F. can quote Meyer's *Peace or Anarchy* (minimalist) to the fainthearted and Nash's *The World Must Be Governed* for those who need a headier vision. The official program of U.W.F. is shrewdly compounded of disarming caution and satisfying perfectionism. It specifically asks only for world control over military forces and atomic energy, but provides in addition for gradual development of a full-blown world government capable of dealing with causes of international friction.

Back of them all is the original federalist—if we may ignore Madison, Jay, and Hamilton—the author of *Union Now* and a tireless pamphleteer for two decades, Clarence K. Streit. A little puzzled and perhaps shocked by the crusade his books and articles have done so much to start, Streit has jettisoned the visionary cult of world federalism and cast his fortunes and his immense energies with Owen Roberts and Atlantic Union. In that decision, Streit returned to his own basic notion —that those peoples who have proved their capacity for self-government should take the lead in trying to make federalism work on a regional scale. If that means delaying the world republic a few decades or a few centuries, while the pattern is shaped in the Atlantic Community, very well. Mr. Streit is a patient man.

Logically, Atlantic Union is not a segment of the movement for world government at all. It is federalist in aim and method, but not global in scope. It focuses on a dozen or so nations that jointly have the strength and resources to be a powerful counter to Soviet pressure. Atlantic Union would turn a military alliance into a regional federal union of western democracies. Each month of desperate extemporizing among the Big Three and the North Atlantic Twelve creates new devices of co-operation that make Atlantic Union a more viable concept. But U.W.F., with its sights set much higher, would turn two warring worlds and a multitude of dictatorships into one global union, under the surveillance of one world police force. Thus their only common denominator is the technique of federalism, on which nobody has a copyright.

In an age, however, when political philosophy has been supplanted by evangelism, the very reasonableness of Atlantic Union is a handicap. Men are frightened by their own engines of destruction. They are baffled by the ceaseless and bitter rivalry of contrary ideologies polarized at Washington and Moscow. They are terrified by their own inability to grasp the true contours of a global feud that fits no traditional pattern of power politics. So they are not looking for a careful step forward. They are waiting breathlessly for a miraculous deliverance. World federalism is a comforting retreat from global anarchy.

The priests of world government make it easy to have faith. Men and women of unassailably good intentions, they have made conversion a joyous experience. At the end of the sawdust trail, they have a mythical goal that Tennyson named for them long ago—



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the Parliament of Man. It is a vision of a world governed by the wise and good, a world without war, a world policed against the machinations of wrongdoers and ambitious tyrants.

With this vision, the unwary are likely to overlook the obstacles. They forget that no government worthy of the name has ever been created by fiat, that peoples without common traditions and a common belief in law never have joined to form viable governing systems. They forget that federalism has been limited always to areas and peoples whose common experience and belief gave them a genuine solidarity *before union was attempted*. They forget that a common government does not of itself confer unity or solidarity when it is imposed on unlike peoples—as the present centrifugal tendency of the British Commonwealth clearly shows.

The earnest advocates of world government like to cite the *Federalist* papers and to argue from the experience of the thirteen original American colonies. They forget that the colonies had a common language, a common law, a general experience of self-government through representative assemblies, and over a century of common submission to one authority, the British Crown. Above all, they forget that the colonies had common enemies —Indians in the hinterland, and aggressive powers in Europe. Their very weakness was a goad to union.

The world governmenters pass lightly over the hurdle of representation. Half the 2,320,000,000 in the world today are illiterate. Only a modest minority of them live under democratic régimes, or ever have lived under such. At least half of the 2,320,000,000 subsist on an inadequate diet. And men at the hunger line have rarely proved able to operate the delicate mechanism of democracy with success.

Is the Parliament of Man to represent people as such, embracing that principle of majority rule which is basic to the western democratic tradition? If so, the lobby of the ignorant will have a stupendous majority. Is it to represent peoples according to their *de facto* power in world affairs? If so, what have we but an amoral world federation perpetuating the rule of the strongest?

Cheerfully mistaking the symptom for the disease, the pamphleteers of world federalism propose first to control armaments and atomic energy, so as to avert war and give mankind time to fashion a more complete government. Fastening on weapons, they thrust aside the complex and baffling rivalries, economic and political, which are the real forces driving nations toward war. This is surely a case of putting the cart before the horse. In an ordered community, we keep social peace, not because the police are armed and the people not, but because nearly all the people customarily obey the law. Until there is a corresponding community of ideas, beliefs, and customs in the world of nations, we cannot expect any global agency to keep the peace by a mere monopoly of weapons.

How, then, are we to appraise the impact of this spreading revival movement in America's thinking about world affairs? Manifestly, it has done much good. It has persuaded hundreds of thousands of persons to think a little about the evils of unrestrained national sovereignty. It probably has paved the way for some cautious steps forward in world organization, by breaking down the narrow nationalism of an influential segment of the American people. By its unrelenting pressures on members of Congress, it perhaps has headed off some of the grosser tendencies of chauvinism that stem so freely from a war or near-war situation. Most valuable, though hard to measure, it has prodded the sluggish imaginations of a multitude of people, in America and elsewhere, opening up a dim vista of the ultimate federal unity toward which much of the world is in fact moving. It has created a mental climate in which the more workable steps taken by responsible statesmen can have a greater acceptance.

But against these somewhat intangible gains, there are serious losses. The world-government movement, when rebuffed at the State Department, has added its share to the drumfire of hostile, nagging criticism of the Secretary of State and his aids. In this fashion, it has lent new strength to the larger and more partisan campaign of smear and abuse that has tied the hands of the State Department.

The movement is led by some eminent scientists, businessmen, and lawyers, not by men who have dealt steadily with the problems of international relations. It has insulated a great number of well-intentioned, earnest people from the realistic diplomats and political scientists who know the subject matter and the pitfalls of world organization. Politics has been cleverly defined as the art of the possible. That is just as true of world organization as of national or local politics. We may honor for their sincerity those who have fled from the possible to take refuge in the illusion of an ordered and peaceful world stabilized by a formula. We may even envy them, in a sense, for the spiritual comfort they have found in their faith. But we dare not forget that prophets only fire the imaginations and hopes of men. They themselves do not make progress. —William H. Hessler

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The Frustration of Harry Byrd

Senator Harry Flood Byrd, Democrat of Virginia, is a gracious man. Even his vindictive dislike for his enemies is the deep-seated, genteel passion of a man with ruffles at his wrists. His patient treasuring of feuds and enmities, some of which go back so far that nobody (except Harry Byrd) remembers quite how they began, would have been understood by Thomas Jefferson and John Randolph. So would his absolutely honest (and absolutely intolerant) devotion to the public weal as he sees it.

So instinctive and ingrained, in fact, is this gentility that the records of Harry Byrd's wars with the Democratic Administration are very often the records of lengthy engagements conducted by others in which Harry Byrd rarely appears in public in the true vigor of his opposition. They are—with one major, significant, and unsuccessful exception—the archives of advances, skirmishes, routs, and countermarches in which he has watched as from a distant command post while others deployed according to his discreetly telegraphed generalship. Then, suddenly, as in a flash of light, the master strategist has stepped forward for one blinding, crucial moment.

Thus it was, for instance, with the carefree Mon C. Wallgren of Washington State, since 1941 a Senate buddy of Harry S. Truman of Missouri. Mr. Wallgren, a flashy dresser, a handy man with a cocktail, a billiards champion and master of the inside straight, suffers from only one notable handicap: an unusually modest supply of brains. In 1948, Mr. Wallgren found himself without a job, and his old pal the President started looking around. At hand was the chairmanship of the National Security Resources Board, its principal requirement being only sufficient intelligence and breadth of vision to grasp the enormous complexities of the American industrial machine

which NSRB is now being called upon to mobilize. Mr. Truman never hesitated: Wallgren's name went up to the Senate. Wallgren's former colleagues were horrified. Not the least shocked was the senior Senator from Virginia; but he didn't say much. He quietly encouraged the junior Senator from Washington, the voluble Harry P. Cain, to go after the nominee.

For several weeks Senator Cain raked over Mr. Wallgren's personal history, past associates, and political beliefs. Senator Byrd, unfailingly polite, questioned the nominee on a few minor financial matters in connection with his governorship, but gave no indication how he would vote on reporting the nomination to the Senate. When the time came, however, Harry Byrd was on hand. The committee split evenly. One vote could decide the issue of a favorable report. The vote was Harry Byrd's, and the vote was No.

He explained why he had felt impelled to give Mr. Wallgren the ax. "I have reluctantly reached the conclusion that Mr. Wallgren does not possess the administrative qualifications, from the standpoint of training, experience, and competency to perform the extremely important functions devolving upon him should the appointment be confirmed." It was also typical that Harry Byrd's conception of his public duty should have dovetailed so exactly with his determination to thwart the President, a man whose policies he abhors and whose competence he despises.

With equal finesse and identical mo-

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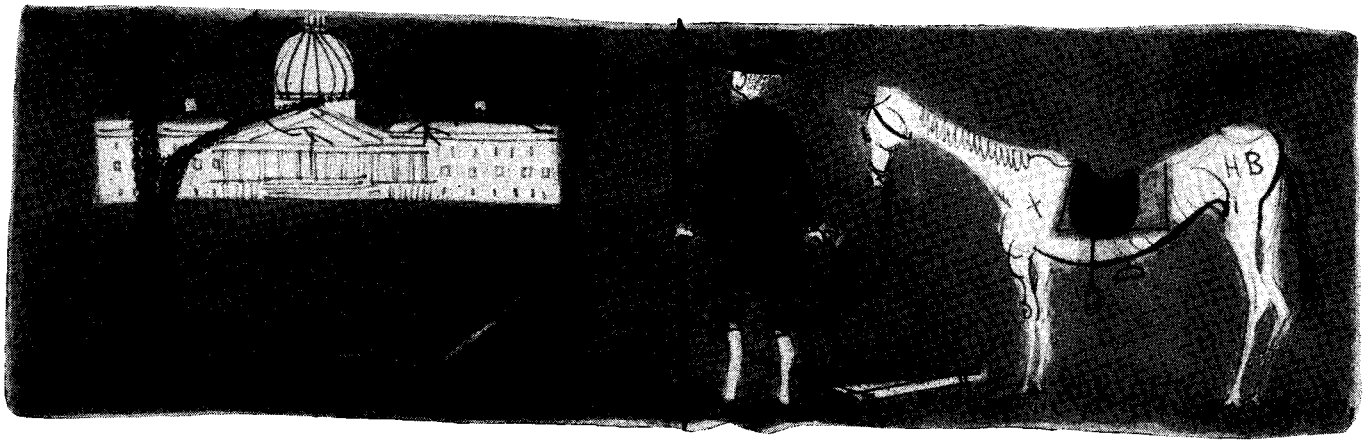

tive, the Virginia strategist more recently blocked another Truman nomination. This time there was a similarity in malice at both ends of Pennsylvania Avenue. In 1946, Martin A. Hutchinson, then a fifty-four-year-old Richmond lawyer, made the mistake of running against Byrd for the Senate. In 1948 he made the further mistake of organizing Virginia Democrats who favored Mr. Truman. Mr. Byrd, and Mr. Byrd's hand-picked governor, at that time William M. Tuck, did not. Tuck introduced a bill in the legislature barring the President from the Virginia ballot. When an outraged public opinion forced a swift retreat from this advanced position, Senator Byrd, professing innocence, wound up giving his usual formal support to the national Democratic ticket.

The episode left many wounds, and both Mr. Truman and his nominee should have known that the Senator was nursing all of them. The President, in fact, undoubtedly did know it; Harry Byrd was not the only one who suspected that his appointment of Hutchinson to a $15,000 vacancy on the Federal Trade Commission was designed to harass, embarrass, and annoy. But once again, of course, Byrd had the last word. He never even bothered to appear at the Interstate Commerce Committee hearing on the nomination. Instead, in company with his protégé, junior Senator A. Willis Robertson, he submitted a lengthy letter setting forth the duties of an FTC commissioner and emphasizing Hutchinson's inability to discharge them.

The gentlemanly manner of the letter cracked for a moment to permit a personal dig. The nomination, the letter charged, "emanated" from Chairman William M. Boyle, Jr., of the Democratic National Committee. "In our opinion Mr. Hutchinson's nomination is political and made for a definite and obvious political purpose. This opinion was expressed by nearly every newspaper in Virginia that made comment when the nomination was first announced." To prove it the two Senators submitted sixteen editorial excerpts from papers published in Virginia and other parts of the South. TRUMAN-BYRD BATTLE . . . A SLAP AT SENATOR BYRD . . . MR. TRUMAN THROWS A $15,000 SLAP, the most typical were headlined.

A few days later the committee voted 5-3 against the nomination. A day or two after that the wire services carried stories that Byrd had received pledges from at least fifty Senators that they would vote against Hutchinson. On August 9, fifty-nine did.

It is true, of course, that there have been occasions when the last of the Great Virginians has tailored his courtesy to his foe. Recently one colleague, in fact, provoked Byrd to really pointed personal comment. This was Minnesota's Hubert Humphrey.

Senator Humphrey took it upon himself to institute a one-man crusade to abolish Byrd's famed Joint Committee on Reduction of Nonessential Federal Expenditures. This committee issues monthly reports on the number employed by the executive departments, and it also serves as a channel for its chairman's thoughts on economy, which are invariably critical of the Administration. On February 24, Humphrey lambasted the committee roundly, claimed that its work could be done by several other regular committees of the Congress, and called for its speedy abolition. A week later Byrd rose in rebuttal. Listing nine "misstatements" in the Humphrey speech, he proceeded to correct them with an amused but slightly testy air. He scrupulously referred to "the junior Senator from Minnesota" throughout, however, and his personal references were relatively mild. Humphrey, he said, "discussed this subject in a mood that cannot be regarded as unprejudiced." As for the charge that the committee serves as "a publicity medium," "I know of no Senator who has more generously used the *Congressional Record* and other governmental facilities to promote his publicity." Humphrey's speech, he added, had "an average of a misstatement in less than every 250 words, and he speaks like the wind."

But, the Senator from Virginia went on philosophically, "It is an ill wind that blows no good," and he used the opportunity to review the accomplishments of his committee since its creation in 1941. According to his estimates, these accomplishments added up to a total saving of $2,436,000,000 "resulting from legislative and administrative action in fields toward which attention was directed. . . ."

There then ensued one of those spontaneous personal tributes which very few can command from the Senate. After he had been briefly challenged by Majority Leader Scott W. Lucas ("When he is on the right track, he is a great leader," Byrd conceded graciously), no fewer than fourteen Senators arose to pay their respects. During this lengthy paean of praise, Humphrey could not get recognition from the chair. Four times he tried to break in, a rigid smile upon his face. Since Byrd had yielded the floor completely

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and then abruptly resumed control of it so that he could yield to his friends for brief speeches on the merits of Harry Byrd, Humphrey remarked, "I contend that the rules of the Senate are being violated flagrantly"—and so they were. Nonetheless, Byrd held out until all his friends had had their say; then he administered the final insult. "Are there any further questions?" he asked. "If not, I yield the floor." The *Congressional Record* noted "[Laughter]," and to the accompaniment of "[Laughter]" Byrd and company walked out of the Senate as Humphrey, recognized at last, launched his furious rejoinder into an almost empty chamber. It was one of the most complete insults any Senator has delivered or received in a long time.

The man who wields such positive influence in the national legislature, the man who has prompted one President to curse and another to remark, "There are too many Byrds in Congress," can look back at sixty-three on a life of almost unbroken personal, financial, and political success. As easily as he lines up his fellow Senators to block Administration projects, Harry Byrd runs his apple orchards, his newspapers, and his state. He came to the Virginia governorship in 1925 after a sensational business career that began at the age of fifteen when his father turned over to him the faltering Winchester *Star*. By the time he was nineteen Byrd had the paper back on its feet; eventually he was to add the Harrisonburg *News-Record*. A year later, after a careful study of soils, crops, and potential markets, he leased his first orchard; today he owns more than twenty scattered over the Shenandoah Valley, the most famous being Rosemont near Berryville, where he holds an annual picnic and makes an annual report on the state of the Union to his Virginia neighbors.

In 1915, as befitted a direct descendant of Colonel William Byrd II, founder of Richmond, a son of the late lawyer-politician Richard Evelyn Byrd, Sr., and a nephew of the late Representative Henry Flood, chairman of the House Foreign Affairs Committee in the First World War, he entered politics via the state senate. There in a very short time he blossomed forth as a typical statesman of the gracious South. For ten years he served in the state senate, conducting on the side such incidental services as Virginia Fuel Administrator (1918-1919) and chairman of the Democratic State Committee (1922-1925). Along the way he picked up the active and indispensable support of the late Senator Carter Glass, a choleric, sawed-off aristocrat who packed within his tiny frame both a monumental temper and an overpowering hold on the affections of the Old Dominion.

With Glass behind him, Byrd's progress in state politics was as inevitable as anything human can be. In 1925, aided by Glass, he ran for governor and was elected. He did so many things to the antiquated state government that his four-year term is still looked back upon as Virginia's New Deal. It is significant that the state had never known such an era of governmental and social advance prior to Harry Byrd; and it is significant that it has known no similar progress since. The governor was satisfied with his handiwork, and although he left the statehouse in Richmond in 1930, no one has been permitted to touch it in all the years between.

Under Harry Byrd, the most drastic anti-lynching law ever passed by any state was put on the books, and Virginia has not had any lynchings in twenty-two years. Under him the state constitution was completely modernized; the state budgetary system was overhauled; new accounting and fiscal methods were installed; a central state purchasing agency was created; the state yielded taxation of land to the counties, but reserved for itself "intangibles" and by increasing gasoline and auto taxes, it built one of the handsomest highway systems in the nation; a Department of Conservation and Development was established; superfluous state jobs, including one hundred commissioners of revenue, were abolished; state bureaus and commissions were reduced from a hundred to fourteen; such changes resulted in an estimated annual saving of $800,000; for the first time in fifty years the state deficit was converted to a surplus; the short ballot was adopted; and a three-man compensation board with complete control over the salaries of close to three thousand Commonwealth employees was created—and staffed, as it is to this day, with the friends of Harry Byrd.

Today the State of Virginia is a smoothly functioning principality in which a "Byrd-machine" governor and a "Byrd-machine" legislature go about their duties with the same honesty with which other "Byrd-machine" governors and "Byrd-machine" legislatures have functioned for the past twenty years. The Senator's influence is all-pervasive—and hard to prove. His state is a government of the gentry, by the gentry, and for the gentry—with the gentry's dutiful awareness that it has an obligation to keep the common people happy too. Consequently there is a premium on service and integrity in the Byrd machine. No one can truthfully say that it is a bad government, nor can anyone truthfully say that it is an inspired one. It is honest, and it is dull; and its opposition to any social change beyond that which its creator initiated twenty years ago is sufficient to keep the state moving at an unimaginative, undramatic, dead-level pace that apparently suits all but a few of its citizens. Unperturbed by recurring rumbles of discontent, the machine plows on through election after election. Ask the Senator if he runs it, and a laugh is the only answer.

Similarly the world of Harry Byrd in Washington runs smoothly too. Appointed to the Senate on March 4, 1933, to complete the unexpired term of Claude Swanson, whom Roosevelt had appointed Secretary of the Navy, he was elected to a full term in 1934, and re-elected in 1940 and in 1946. Although he has been careful in each Presidential election to give at least

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formal support to the Democratic nominee, his voting record and his entire philosophy of government have closely paralleled those of the far-right Republicans. This has meant a great national reputation among all the groups who like far-right Republicans. He is always speaking to taxpayers' associations or bankers' groups or manufacturers' conventions; his views are constantly appearing in all the organs of public opinion that disapprove of the policies of the incumbent Administration. "Harry Byrd—by God, there's a sound man!" the sound men of ten thousand communities declare; and Harry Byrd the Sound glows and flourishes in their approbation.

Yet in spite of all these successes, there is a worm in the Winchester apple. Harry Byrd is not happy. In the one all-dominating, all-consuming, lifelong task which he has set himself, he is a failure. And he knows it.

Harry Byrd is in conflict with the major currents of his time. On March 19, 1935, after two almost silent years in the Senate, he made what was, in a sense, the only speech he has ever made as a national legislator. It concerned an amendment he proposed which would have cut a relief appropriation from four billion dollars to one billion dollars. Except as he feared the moral effect of government assistance upon them, his concern was not for the people on relief; he was worried about the impact of the expenditure upon the business community. He said:

"Mr. President, today the American businessman is troubled and confused. He is troubled by the enormous public expenditures which are being made at Washington, and he is confused about the experiments being tried out there. In my judgment, the time has come when temporary and emergency legislation should yield to sound principles. . . . Businessmen cannot have faith unless they have good reason to believe that taxes will not absorb their reasonable profits; they cannot feel secure unless they believe that the currency will be sound and fairly stable; they will not invest freely new money unless they have confidence that the government will protect them in their rights to the property they own and their privilege to use that property in gainful pursuits."

In 1935 the national income of America was $56.8 billion; in 1949 it was $216.8 billion. On March 19, 1935, the national debt was $28.6 billion; on June 30, 1950, after a world war and its aftermath, it was $257 billion. But of the 9,092,000 unemployed for whose moral character Harry Byrd worried in 1935, only 3,384,000 were unemployed in June of 1950—and 61,482,000 were at work as compared with 42,653,000 in 1935. The businessmen for whose welfare he trembled in 1935 are richer today than they have ever been, and the corporations which

in 1935 reported profits after taxes of $2.3 billion, in 1949 reported profits after taxes of $17 billion.

In the battle for economy, the one major, open battle of his Senatorial career, Harry Byrd has given no quarter and won no victories. For fifteen years he has been arguing against increased government expenditures while the needs of society, crisis, and conflict have pushed expenditures ever higher; for fifteen years he has been damning the accretions of government power while the inexorable desires and necessities of the American electorate have pushed government farther and farther into the field of social service. He has voted against most of the social legislation of recent years, giving his opposition to it a gloss of respectability by denouncing the measures as "socialistic." But his basic reason, the one he expresses in his instinctive first reaction to every new idea, is monetary. Byrd sincerely believes that the American economy is on the highroad to collapse; and if he must make a choice between improving the conditions of the American people and saving money for the Treasury, he never hesitates.

Some believe in conserving the nation's human and natural resources; Harry Byrd believes in conserving its dollars. This has made him a famous man. It has also placed him in opposition to his own party, taken him out of the mainstream of American progress, and made of his life an effort without fruition. It is no wonder that he talks seriously of retiring at the end of his term in 1952. He may well reconsider when the time comes; but in what must be his innermost appraisal of the situation, he is not mistaken. Fame cannot conceal the truth about Harry Byrd. He has not succeeded in what he set out to do. He did not succeed in peacetime, and by the very nature of things he cannot succeed in wartime. The pattern he accurately analyzes and desperately fears, of continuing heavy expenditures and continuing government influence in the life of the citizenry, has been frozen beyond amendment by events. Although he tries in every way he knows—and the ways are by no means entirely unconstructive, for he has prepared his own alternative budget, which he maintains could do the same job for much less than Mr. Truman's—he cannot reverse the trend. More and more frequently evidence of a galling frustration comes to the surface, and in recent months his references to the President have revealed the annoyed contempt that gentility used to conceal.

"If it is an insult to the intelligence of the American people," he snapped in a recent statement, "to say we are on the road to socialism, as the President 'cracked' last night, then the insult is added to the injury already done our intellect by Truman proposals and propaganda.

"We have been moving steadily down this primrose path for some time, but we shall be irrevocably committed to socialism—from which there is no retreat once it is entrenched—if Congress adopts but three more of the President's projects:

"1. Socialized medicine—British brand—the project assigned to [Federal Security Administrator] Oscar Ewing, who was sent to England at public expense to get the 'lowdown' as a basis for his propaganda.

"2. Socialized agriculture—called the Brannan Plan after its propagandist of the same name.

"3. Extension of socialized housing

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—the project long ago adopted by Propagandist [Leon H.] Keyserling, who plugs his wares in reports of the Council of Economic Advisers.

"Add these to the President's public embrace of chronic deficit spending, and you have a nonstop, highspeed highway to socialism, with or without an insulted intelligence."

Not till May of this year, however, speaking at Delta State Teachers College in Cleveland, Mississippi, did Harry Byrd let slip in public his uneasy intimation that the course he has always followed does not, perhaps, have truly popular support.

"This reckless march to socialism," he declared, "can be stopped. The brake is in the budget. And for the first time the public and the Congress this year, through the single appropriation bill [which Byrd has advocated for a long time and finally persuaded Congress to try this year], can see the budget legislation as a whole. *To date,*" he added wistfully, *"the reaction of the public has been disappointing."*

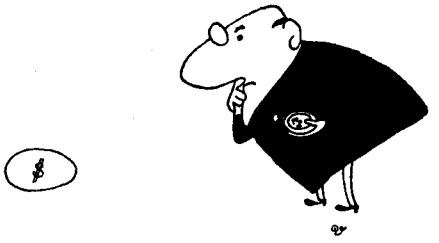
In that disturbed, almost inadvertent admission, the senior Senator from Virginia summed up the inadequacy of a lifelong philosophy of government and finance. It worked in his state, and on its foundation he erected a government that on the whole still serves its people well. But the pressures of Virginia, still pleasantly colonial in many respects, are not the pressures of America.

Harry Byrd is a man the twentieth century has left behind. His basic reaction, no matter what the situation, is Economize. His constant reaction, whatever the proposal, is No. With the best of intentions, the soundest of reasons, and the most patriotic of motives, he cannot escape being a negativist in a positive world.

The last of the Great Virginians looks out across his million-dollar orchards upon a world he never made. He knows the solutions to its problems, but ". . . the reaction of the public has been disappointing." He doesn't quite know why, but he is no fool, and he realizes it.

Like a restless ghost at Rosemont there stalks the uncomfortable thought that just possibly the public doesn't really want to be saved at all—at least, not by a philosophy that places dollars above human beings; and not by Harry Flood Byrd. —RICHARD COPE

The U.S. Treasury: Time for Salesmanship



Long before the war in Korea, the experts in the Treasury Department were losing sleep over what to do with the huge impending maturities of Series E ten-year savings bonds. Most of these bonds were sold to help finance the Second World War, and now, just as they are about to start maturing, we are faced with more defense expenditures and a hazy fiscal future. Also, inflation is once again a big problem.

Because savings bonds are bought by people who might otherwise buy goods and services with their extra money, they are anti-inflationary. As long as we remain on only a quasi-wartime basis, there will be a large supply of civilian goods. Savings bonds will have to compete with these goods, as well as with other securities.

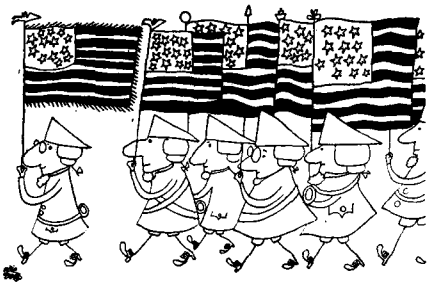
Although the wartime bond program created millions of new investors in securities, postwar inflation has left E-bonds with a somewhat tarnished reputation. The promise of "four dollars for three in ten years" had a great public appeal in wartime when the shelves were bare and pockets full. But inflation showed millions of small savers that four diminished 1950 dollars are worse than three more sizable 1940 ones.

The wide-scale sale of savings bonds is vitally necessary today to help prevent further inflation. There are about $57 billion worth of savings bonds outstanding today—over a fifth of the national debt—of which $34 billion are E-bonds. One and a half billion dollars' worth of E-bonds come due in 1951. In 1952, $4 billion of maturities are scheduled. After a peak of almost $7 billion is reached in 1954, the maturity schedule slowly tapers off. These huge figures will not actually materialize; many E-bonds will be redeemed before they mature. To keep its head above water the Treasury must maintain an excess of sales over redemptions. And to help prevent inflation, this excess should be large.

The Treasury Department's record as a fighter against inflation is unimpressive. By continuing its depression-born "cheap-money" policy, it has contributed to inflation. A successful new savings-bond campaign can help to change this situation. But no savings-bond program is likely to be successful unless the government uses all the means at its command to protect the public's savings against further dilution.

Here is where the Treasury's problem arises. Can the present holders of savings bonds be persuaded to buy new bonds when the ones they now hold mature? And to what extent can the public be induced to stop cashing in E-bonds and to buy more of them?

Of all the securities the Treasury Department has issued, the E-bond is probably the most carefully designed. To attract millions of small savers, it had to be simple, and it is. There are no confusing coupons to be clipped



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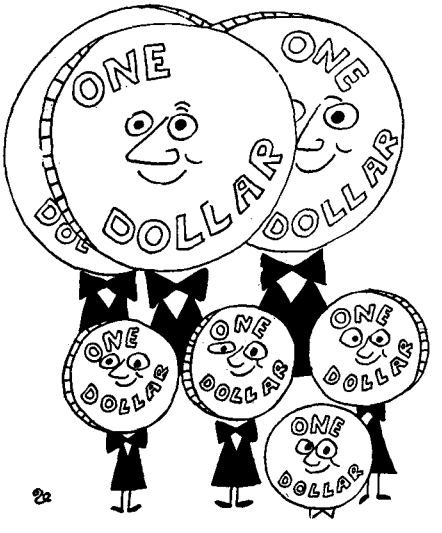
(which incidentally means less bookkeeping for the Treasury). Rather than being subject to the vagaries of the market, the E-bond's value rises according to a schedule. And it has the unique advantage of a dollar value that cannot drop. As a long-term investment, the E-bond is hard to beat. Beside its 2.9 per cent yield to maturity from the purchase date, the return on savings-bank deposits or on other safe securities seems small.

There are, however, important flaws in the E-bond. The first is the effect of inflation on its purchasing power at maturity. But this is a characteristic of safe investments in general—and of cash. Another flaw is the meager return received by individuals who are forced to redeem their E-bonds before maturity. It would be possible to issue an equally safe bond that paid the same amount of interest every year, but such a bond would be just as attractive for one year as for ten, and the Treasury might then be faced with a tremendous constant demand for redemption.

Because the bonds are redeemable by the Treasury on demand, rather than being transferable on the bond market, the department must be ready to buy them in. This necessitates a continuing sales effort. The Treasury usually was able, until a few months ago, to sell new E-bonds at a rate greater than the rate of old-bond redemption: In effect, the proceeds of current sales more than financed the redemption of old E-bonds.

But today the situation has changed. The big maturities still lie ahead, and the buying spree that began after the outbreak of war in Korea was accompanied by a slump in E-bond sales and an upsurge in redemptions. Since Korea, an alarmingly larger number of E-bonds have been redeemed than have been sold. While the small savers have been cashing in a large share of their holdings, the bigger savers have cut down their purchases. This shows the complexity of the problem.

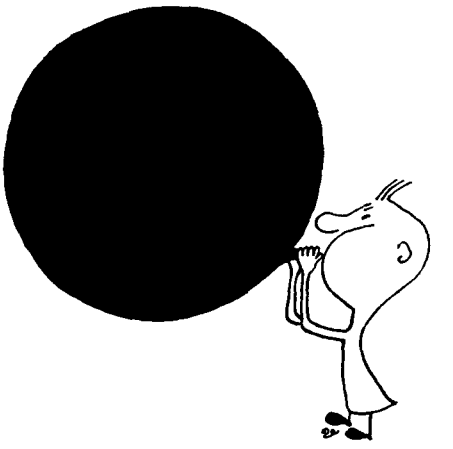


While the answer to the Treasury's problem is far from clear, there is much to be done, and done in a hurry. There is no time for a general overhauling of the existing securities, which might, in fact, prove to be satisfactory once the sales pressure is on. The big question is whether the public will buy. Only by putting on a full-scale bond drive can the Treasury find the answer.

One objective of the selling drive should be to try to persuade owners of outstanding bonds to hold them to maturity. Sixty-two per cent of the ten- to one-hundred-dollar E-bonds sold in 1945 had been redeemed by the end of 1949. In contrast, only eighteen per cent of the thousand-dollar Series F and G bonds issued in the same year were redeeemed. The small savers, toward whom the whole drive has been directed, have not held their bonds as have the big investors. If consumer goods continue to be readily available, this problem will remain.

The selling drive should also attempt to attract a large amount of new money. It is in this field that the Treasury Department has had the most experience. One weapon that can be brought back into the drive is the appeal to patriotism. In conjunction with this appeal, the payroll-savings plan and the "bond-a-month" plan, which have been allowed to languish, should be revitalized.

Finally, a plan should be developed to induce investors whose E-bonds mature to keep their proceeds invested in savings bonds. The Treasury's own advertising has urged the public to "save for the future." The future, in this case, consisted of a home, a car, or a number of other good things. It will be difficult to convince many persons whose bonds reach maturity that they should wait another ten years for their nest egg to hatch, especially when more inflation is likely. Moreover, in the last five years of its life, the matured bond would have been yielding



over four per cent on current redemption value. A new E-bond would take five more years to reach this figure, and taxes would have to be paid on the income from the old bond.

It is becoming obvious that a new refunding or renewal bond is needed to help solve the problem. One proposal for a refunding bond makes particularly good sense. First, Congress would be called upon to defer the income-tax liability on matured E-bonds, provided the holder bought a refunding bond. The tax would not have to be paid until the refunding bond had been redeemed or had reached maturity. The law prohibiting the Treasury from paying more than three per cent interest on savings bonds would also have to be changed. The refunding bond would, like other savings bonds, be nonmarketable. It could be bought only upon presentation of a matured E-bond. It would be issued at par but would have no coupon. Accrued interest would be paid on redemption or maturity, to save bookkeeping and to avoid public confusion. In order to make it attractive, the bond would have a yield to maturity of considerably more than 2.9 per cent, and even if redeemed in its early years would yield somewhat more.

Our economy was founded on thrift, a word seldom heard nowadays. The E-bond is an ideal medium for promoting thrift—as long as the threat of continued inflation does not make such thrift unattractive. If the Treasury Department could point to a full-fledged fight against inflation by all groups in the government and outside, and to its own constructive role in the fight, it would have a selling point beyond compare. —ARTHUR W. VINER

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The South Korean:

First-Class Fighting Man

Hardly a campaign in which Americans have fought has been described in more intimate detail than the Korean War. Yet coverage of it in the American press has left something of a void: the story of the South Koreans.

Assuredly, the Republic of Korea would have been completely overrun had it not been for the timely and valiant intervention of American forces. But without the determination, the resourcefulness, and the valor of the South Koreans, the outnumbered U.S. divisions could not have stayed on the peninsula.

Although the ROK Army fell apart under the first crushing blows of the tank-led Communists (only 22,000 effectives out of a 96,000-man army were left by July 1), at least one division and thousands of individual South Korean soldiers were determined to stay in the war.

"Most of the ROK transport and practically all crew-served weapons were lost north of the Han," said a high-ranking U.S. officer, "but individual soldiers kept their personal weapons and such ammunition as they could carry. We put out straggler points south of the Han to gather them up, and by the middle of July we again had 84,000 men."

Five ROK divisions—the 1st, 3rd, Capital, 6th, and 8th—had been reorganized and were fighting by July 19, when MacArthur formally accepted direct command over them. Two days later, MacArthur's communiqué credited "aggressive, hard-hitting South Korean Army units," supported by U.S. air and artillery units, with stopping "advancing North Korean units in two of the most conclusive setbacks administered to the Reds since they crossed the 38th parallel."

"After we got back to the Naktong," said one officer recently back from Korea, "the Reds kept punching at one place and then the next—our sectors and then the ROKs'. They hit one as hard as the other—the boundary between the 1st Cavalry Division and the ROKs in particular. They kept expecting to find a weak spot there, but they never did."

Early in August, an American colonel was ordered to fall back to new positions above Kochang—leaving the 17th ROK Infantry Regiment behind to stall off the Reds.

"If I had just about one more regiment like this," he said, speaking of the 17th, "I could hold this position for twenty years."

By then the 17th ROK already had become an almost legendary front-line outfit. On June 25, when the Communists crossed the 38th parallel, it had been stationed on the Ongjin Peninsula, far northwest of Seoul. It immediately attacked across the parallel, captured the Communist-held town of Haeju, and doubtless would have continued northward had not Republican defenses collapsed above Seoul. Reluctantly, it gave up Haeju and fought its way back south.

Five weeks after the fighting began, an American captain, attached to the regiment as an adviser, estimated the 17th had marched two thousand miles. It had fought almost every step, appearing at many points along the front, plugging holes like a roving fullback.

Beginning late in July, 30,000 Koreans were used to fill up understrength U.S. squads, platoons, and companies at the front. When the U.S. 7th Division went ashore at Inchon in September it was two-thirds American and one-third Korean, the Koreans having been "integrated" on the "buddy" system, which employed U.S. and Korean G.I.'s fighting in pairs. Opinion about this policy varied according to the individual experiences of U.S. officers, but George C. Marshall seems to have uttered the definitive judgment when he declared that it "saved the situation" in Korea.

An officer who fought with the ROKs through some of the war's bitterest battles said that the South Ko-

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reans had less trouble with Communist infiltration than the Americans—not because they could distinguish between North and South Koreans, but because "they formed a goose-egg defense and held to it—shooting anything that moved at night." They were not upset when the enemy got behind them, he said, because "they figured they were behind the enemy, too."

"The South Korean is all right," said a young lieutenant who, before being wounded and evacuated to the United States, commanded a reconnaissance company of the 1st Cavalry Division. "He's a good soldier. He has great faith in his personal weapon and he takes exceptional care of it. He is not easily rattled under fire. He's rugged. He can run all the way up a mountain that would kill an American. He just seems to blend into it."

A platoon sergeant who saw action in Africa and Italy during the Second World War said the ROKs "fight a funny war—they always seem to be coming and going." But, he said, it was not unusual for them to take a hill designated as their objective "and then go right on to take the one beyond that."

The most unsung ROK force was the National Police. Six months before the June 25 invasion, the police had taken over most of the responsibility for putting down guerrilla uprisings that periodically plagued the republic, and after the fighting began this became their principal mission. As one town after another fell to the Reds, the policemen withdrew with the army to take up stations farther south—relieving both the ROK and American forces of much man-consuming responsibility in guarding rear-area lines of communication. There was a time, in July and early August, when red circles with the letters "GR," for guerrilla activity, appeared at many points on the battle maps at the Pentagon. But, as an intelligence officer recalled, "the original report was all we ever received; the police took the situation in hand and in a few days we just erased the circles from our maps."

Another Pentagon fear also was dissipated by the ROKs in a hurry: Even in the darkest hours of disorganized retreat, not a single unit ever deserted to the Communists.

—Vance Johnson

Indo-China: 'A Tiger By the Tail'

It was a clear, sunlit morning in mid-October when the roof fell in. Troops had been gathering as early as eight o'clock in the streets off the Champs Elysées, their trumpets sounding the morning air, drums beating, crimson fourragères gleaming, uniforms crisp. At eleven, when the Sultan of Morocco appeared at the Arc de Triomphe to place his wreath of chrysanthemums before the flame of the Unknown Soldier, the band broke into the *Marseillaise,* and the festivities began.

As the sultan, a tawny little man who looked like a Provençal winegrower, drove down the avenue, the symbolic might of the French Union was drawn up to impress his examining eye: spahis with drawn sabers, crack units of the garrison troops, airmen, sailors in blue.

But the headlines that day spoke disaster. Six thousand miles away, in the mountain passes of northern Indo-China near Caobang, five French battalions had been destroyed and 2,800 troops lost in the worst defeat of a century of French empire. The sultan of the restless Moroccans, bound to France by the same history and the same army that had just been defeated by Communist insurgents in Asia, must have wondered whether the army he was reviewing could protect him against such assault—or withstand him if he sponsored one.

What had happened to the colony that only fifteen years ago French children learned of as the most docile, richest, and most romantic of the French Empire? Had someone blundered? Was France, still heartsick from the collapse of 1940, to be humiliated in Asia by jungle guerrillas? If the French gave up in Indo-China, could the infection of revolt be kept from the rest of the empire?

The perspectives for the answers—if there were any—all started immediately after the liberation.

Paris, at the end of the war, was a city fresh with every kind of new idea—sound, half-baked, visionary, revolutionary—for the reconstruction of French life. In that era, when Communists, Socialists, and Catholics of the Left were a majority of the French people, the idea of the new French Union was hammered out.

France would no longer be an imperialist state ruling distant colonies, but a sister state in a group of states bound together by French civilization. In this Union some national peoples, like the Indo-Chinese, the Cambodians, the Tunisians, and the Moroccans, would become associated states (vaguely similar to Dominions in the British Commonwealth). More-backward peoples would slowly be educated until eventually even in Africa, a French-speaking, self-ruling black France would grow up. The new constitution created an advisory Assembly of the French Union (which meets now in desultory session at Versailles) that would one day become the supreme governing body of a world-wide French Commonwealth.

If Ho Chi Minh, the Viet Minh leader of Indo-China, was a Communist, it did not matter. Did not Maurice Thorez sit in the Cabinet? Were not Communists Ministers of Armament, of Labor, of Industry and yet (so it seemed in those innocent days) French patriots?

First things came first, however, and the first thing to do was to raise the

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French flag wherever it had been pulled down. Unhappily, it was not the French who reintroduced France to Indo-China. Only the Chinese and British had troops available to take the Japanese surrender there. When the French returned a few months later, they returned not as conquerors but as garrison troops, awkwardly sweeping up in the wake of someone else's victory. In the meantime, the Indo-Chinese had organized an embryo government about their Communist leader, Ho Chi Minh.

The theory of French Union, like many fine French wines, was an article that stood up badly under long-distance transportation. In the summer of 1946, Ho Chi Minh was invited to France to be honored and banqueted in the brotherhood of Paris. But in Asia, at the extremities of the Union, the torch of brotherhood smoldered fitfully. Its carriers were French colonial experts, French soldiers, and French businessmen, for whom the term "French Union" was a sorry substitute for the authority of the old French Empire.

While Ho Chi Minh was negotiating for the unity and freedom of Indo-China at Fontainebleau, France's High Commissioner in Asia — Admiral Georges Thierry d'Argenlieu—mocked the negotiations by setting up a puppet governor in the fertile southern province of Cochin China. It was d'Argenlieu who, to terminate a deadlock over customs duties, permitted (or ordered) the bombardment of the port of Haiphong, with French warships firing over open sights into crowded native quarters. When, a few weeks later, in December, 1946, the Indo-Chinese tried to seize Hanoi and Haiphong by a bloody coup, the French professed to be horror-struck at Ho's treachery during negotiations. It has been an article of faith in every French Government since that Ho is a monster of duplicity. But for Ho and the Annamites who followed him, betrayal had come first on the French side. Since then the war has gone on without a break or truce. The frame has persisted: advice from Paris, but administration by colonial experts who have shaped the war's military and political strategies.

That military strategy has been simple: to seal the frontiers so that the rebels can get no arms from outside; to hold the big cities and the radial nets of highways about them; to clear slowly the rice-growing delta of Cochin China in the south and Tonkin in the north so that a peaceful government can be established there.

The political strategy has been to seek some Annamite leader, or group of leaders, who can be established in the "pacified" areas and to brace this leadership until it forms a new government able to win back the people's loyalty from Ho Chi Minh. The theory has been that the new government would spread with the areas of French military conquest and finally would result in a semi-sovereign régime willing to remain in the French Union.

Both these strategies have ended in failure. The cordon of garrisons on the China frontier has been wiped out. The French have failed to create more than a shadow of native government.

French policies can be summed up in the 1940 phrase, "too little and too late." When the Ho Chi Minh talks exploded in 1946, the French sought a succession of docile men. The first puppet governor of Cochin China was removed and later committed suicide; the second now lives in a fancy Paris apartment, a bitter old man. The third and current candidate of the French is His Majesty the Emperor Bao Dai, chosen in 1948 when Communist victory in China was already close enough to frighten them into a certain number of concessions.

Bao Dai is a robust young man of thirty-eight whose flamboyant pleasures have made him a splendid target for Communist propaganda. As an Annamite princeling he was first loyal to the French Republic, then to Vichy France, then to the Japanese, and now to the Atlantic Community. Bao Dai is sometimes inaccurately compared to Chiang Kai-shek. He lacks the cruel and dedicated character, the Spartan self-discipline, and the physical courage of the Kuomintang chief. But he is shrewder, more amiable, of quicker intelligence. No two observers in Indo-China agree in their judgment of his half-hearted efforts to form a real Annamite government; but his chance of success seems slim.

The French political stand in Indo-China at the moment rests on the Accords of March 8, 1949. These documents are a very substantial advance over anything offered Ho Chi Minh, and revolutionary compared to the Indo-China of prewar days. But they are late. They offer Bao Dai much of the substance of autonomy and the opportunity of raising an army; yet they guard French economic and cultural interests so narrowly that they can in no sense be compared to the true freedom Britain gave India, Pakistan, and Burma.

The French military situation in Indo-China can be summed up as

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constant strain, always a shade this side of disaster. In their attempt to keep the frontiers sealed against the flow of arms to the Viet Minh rebels, the critical belt has been the four-hundred-mile half-moon of mountain and jungle along the border between northern Indo-China and China. The French have tried to hold the five great passes through this half-moon by a system of major garrisons behind a system of outpost forts.

In April of this year, French reconnaissance showed roads being pushed down from centers in Communist China toward mountain areas that would by-pass their garrison systems. At the same time, the Viet Minh troops, who had previously fought in sections of one or two hundred men, began to coagulate in co-ordinated battalions of five hundred. This fall the Viet Minh unleashed up to forty such battalions, armed with mortars and artillery, in a major offensive that has wiped out the frontier chain. The rebels now share an unbroken frontier of four hundred miles with Communist China.

French strategists are now rethinking the whole problem of the Indo-China fighting. At the time of the Caobang disaster in October, only thirty-five battalions (eight hundred men each) scattered in garrison posts were left to guard the Tonkin delta. Having pulled in frontier posts and rushed reinforcements, the French now hope to form mobile commando units to raid deep into Viet Minh territory. French colonial officials would like to have two more divisions—thirty thousand men—organized into mobile striking teams for their new plans. They will probably get less.

In any event, no operations of the kind French generals think necessary are possible without American aid. The French want landing craft for coastal raids, airplanes for air-drop and supply purposes, weapons, radios, and trucks. They eagerly await the $500 million worth of American supplies they have been promised.

French operations in Indo-China since the war ring a curious echo of long-forgotten history. Without ever repeating the historic phrase *"tache d'huile"* (oil spot), the French have tried to reconquer their lost colony in the philosophy and tactics of conquest that first secured Indo-China for them after 1862. Few episodes have thrown into sharper relief how white men's relations with Asia have changed in a century.

The pacification of Indo-China in the 1880's by Colonel Joseph Gallieni flowed from the concept of "oil on troubled waters." When the French came to Asia, the Indo-Chinese, not sensing their nationhood in western terms, lived in that curious social landscape of contiguous, homogeneous villages that has spread, field touching field, all across Asia until now. The white man's government and conquest, entering these villages, found it could fit between them with little resultant social turbulence.

The white man came, conquered the native chieftains, established law and order, and established a circle of peace about his garrison centers. And the natives came into the centers of white man's dominance to find useful things to buy—cloth, needles, buttons, combs, patent medicines. In the larger centers a few of them could find hospitals, schools, and opportunity for a new kind of wealth. When one area was pacified and enjoying the benefits of civilization, conquest could go on smoothly to the next.

If success is the only measure, the system worked. Despite one or two sharp setbacks, the French succeeded in cleaning out banditry, laying down railways, building cities, and increasing rice production. They created schools of Sinology and Oriental archaeology which are monuments to the brilliance of the French mind. They studied trachoma, dysentery, and malaria, and brought sanitation. Indo-China paid enormous profits in the simple old-fashioned terms of markets and net gain—and the cost was cheap. During the First World War it required no more than two thousand French soldiers to keep the docile land quiet and orderly.

Today there are 166,000 French soldiers in Indo-China, pinned to the main highways, the two rice deltas, and garrison stockades. They are trying, substantively, to create "oil spots" on the turbulence of Indo-China so that natives may again come into the pacified areas to receive French schooling and medicine, and buy French cloth and wares. But the system does not work in 1950. In the nineteenth century the villages could be conquered out of the surplus energy of any peaceful European power. Since then the villages have reached out to touch each other (over the roads and rails the white man built) and have become a nation. They cannot casually be reconquered with administrative funds and administrative troops. They can only be conquered by the whole French people, organized for war and ready to make war's sacrifices.

The chief idea the Japanese left in Indo-China—as in all Asia—was that the things the white man brought could be had without paying the white man's fee. When the Japanese left Indo-China, the natives rose in a very simple demand for national independence. This simple demand was swiftly exploited by the Communists, whose fragile leadership at the beginning depended entirely on the personality of their chief, Ho Chi Minh. The political blunders of the French have cemented and strengthened the Communists in their control of this national uprising until today the Viet Minh Republic against which France is fighting is as completely controlled by Communists as the Chinese government, and its leadership seems to be growing more doctrinaire and less compromising each month. Backed by the incalculable

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forces of Communist China, the Viet Minh is an opponent undreamed of in Gallieni's *"tache d'huile"* philosophy.

Until last month's defeats, these political and military calculations of the colonial civil servants were unknown to ninety per cent of the French people. In the mainstream of French politics, out of which Cabinets and Governments are drawn, the Indo-China war has been more like an unidentified malady never clearly examined, as a man refuses to examine what he fears may be a cancer.

In general political terms, however, the internal strains of the Indo-China war pull on four main areas.

First, of course, comes Africa. It is the African Empire that sustains French dreams of future strength and greatness. France would cut Indo-China adrift with a sense of relief at this moment if it did not fear that the example might stimulate the restive Moslems of North Africa to follow the Indo-Chinese example. Both Tunis and Morocco are bubbling, and Algeria is a witches' broth.

Next is the strain on the French Army, even more exhausting than is quickly apparent. France's home army of 320,000 men is a conscript mass held together by professional officers and long-term regulars. Because of the distance to Indo-China, it has been impossible to train the draftees, ship them to the front, and bring them back within their legal year of service. The combat burden in Asia has, therefore, siphoned off the most energetic young officers, the best noncoms, technicians, and leathery old types who make soldiers out of green men.

But these are precisely the men most needed to shape the vast expansion program which France has promised will provide twenty divisions by 1953. The increase in the conscription term to eighteen months (and possibly later to two years) has been motivated as much by the war in Indo-China as by western defense. It will now be possible to send French boys to the Indo-Chinese front within their legal service term, but unfortunately it will make thousands of French mothers aware of a war they have hitherto ignored, and which the Communists will try to explain to them as entirely America's doing.

Third, there is the indefinable strain of bad conscience and scandal. Not only Communists, but many independent socialists and Catholics, in denouncing the war have made Frenchmen aware of things they are not taught in their history textbooks: that until a few years ago the French government openly licensed opium and gambling dens in Indo-Chinese cities; that African troops have been perpetrating atrocities; that for a few big operators, traffic in Indo-Chinese piastres has been an easy way to fortune. The French have arrived at that point in history where occupations and invasions, whether alien or French, have a foul taste. They do not want to fight except in defense of their own freedoms and security.

Last, the financial strain. The Indo-China war appropriation this year is close to $500 million (about three-quarters of the Marshall Plan grants to France). Additionally, an unknown sum of inflationary paper is being pumped into the French currency by deficit financing of the Indo-Chinese government in piastres convertible into francs. With France's stupendous needs at home—for metropolitan defense, for housing, for national investment—the Indo-China war is a nightmare that haunts every calculation of the Ministry of Finance and the budget bureau.

In the Oriental phrase, the French "have a tiger by the tail" and they cannot make up their mind whether it is more dangerous to hold on or let go.

Here are some of the ideas that men argue and discuss in Paris:

The first—and the one chosen by the French Cabinet—is to call on France to fight the war to the bitter end, defending the flag at any cost. The Cabinet confidently expects the United States to see Indo-China as the southern barrier to Communism in Asia, and to put up the equipment while France puts up men. Politically, France might yield more native autonomy if the Americans become insistent. It is not economic interest that drives the Cabinet on in Indo-China today, for total French investment there will probably be exceeded by next year's war expenditure. Chiefly, it is the Government's conviction that France must not be humiliated in battle twice in one decade—once in Europe, once in Asia.

This solution is workable only if Communist China does not increase its aid to the Viet Minh, and if Bao Dai miraculously fashions an effective government—and both of these are long shots.

Another solution—advanced by Communists and so-called "realists"—is to quit. France would negotiate (or threaten to negotiate) with Ho Chi Minh to secure the safe evacuation of French men, women, and children from Indo-China without massacre. Communist support for this solution is natural. But, the "realists" believe that America, faced with the prospect of French evacuation, would step in and take over France's burden as it did when Great Britain unloaded Greece in 1947.

A third idea, increasingly popular in newspapers and conversation, is a United Nations solution. This school of thought recognizes imperialism as dead but cherishes the hope that the West can still deal fruitfully with Asia. The United Nations seems to be the only vehicle that may bring western mechanics and processes to Asia without the taint of conquest. By this solution, the United Nations would be called in (as it was in Indonesia) to conduct round-table bargaining between Ho Chi Minh, Bao Dai, and the French that would let France withdraw gracefully and give the Annamites a government of their own choosing.

This last solution is the one most frequently advanced by the French intellectuals who so frequently presage political tides. But not until the war bites deeper into the budget and the flesh of twenty-one-year-old conscripts will it have force enough to sway a Cabinet decision. By then, of course, it may be too late.—THEODORE WHITE

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The Cocktail Party That Shook Italy

On the evening of October 1, a member of the American colony in Rome threw a cocktail party. It was rather dull—the usual people exchanging the usual gossip over the usual canapes and Martinis—except that in one corner of the room an ECA official unburdened himself to an American correspondent.

Three mornings later, the readers of Rome's newspapers were variously startled, outraged, and pleased to read that the Italian government had denied charges leveled at it by the head of the ECA Mission in Italy, who was not at the cocktail party and whose name is M. Leon Dayton, that it was at a loss to understand the reasons for his "astonishing declarations," that, in a word, it was "flabbergasted."

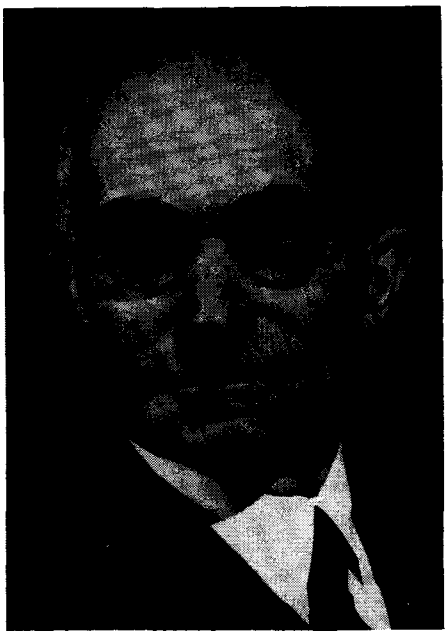
Until then, no one in Rome knew that Dayton had made any charges—few people knew that there was an M. Leon Dayton—but, aside from some clouded references to "financial policies retarding [Italy's] recovery," the press neglected to say what the charges were. Nonetheless, it seemed that, in some obscure manner, a major diplomatic crisis had been touched off. Within eight hours, the American ambassador, James Dunn, paid two calls on Prime Minister Alcide De Gasperi; the Cabinet was summoned into emergency session; three Ministers offered to resign. By evening, the frequently official *Giornale d'Italia* was hinting darkly that heads would fall—whether they were Italian or American, it didn't specify.

In quick order a series of communiqués started rolling out of Dayton's ECA headquarters, qualifying, unqualifying, and requalifying a statement that no one had seen in full. This seemed to mollify the Italian Administration. A day or two later, photographs of Dayton, Dunn, and De Gasperi smiling at one another appeared in the papers. The Dayton Case was declared closed. But not until after it was officially closed did Italy begin to feel its real effects.

The case was one of those unplanned political explosions that everyone tries to blame someone else for in the beginning, and to claim credit for at the end. No one intended it to happen—least of all Dayton himself, who actually had been visiting Paris when the whole affair began.

Here is what happened: At the cocktail party one of Dayton's men had told Arnaldo Cortesi of the New York *Times* that there was a sharp disagreement between the Italian Government and ECA over financial policy, and supplied the details. Cortesi promptly filed a long dispatch, quoting anonymous ECA officials, which made the front page of the next morning's *Times* under the headline:

ECA AIDES SCORE
ROME FISCAL POLICY
Hold That False Economy Has
Retarded Recovery and Hit
Fight on Unemployment



Wide World

Luigi Einaudi

Cortesi cited figures which turned out to be garbled, but he did reveal a situation that the ECA and the Italian government had been quarreling about privately for some time.

Since 1948, Italy had been following an iron line of deflation, called the "Einaudi Line" after the President of the Republic, Luigi Einaudi, a brilliant classical economist and a rugged budget-balancer. Einaudi's main idea was to defend the stability of the lira, which he tried to do by keeping government expenses down and tightening credit so that industry couldn't expand.

To the Americans, it seemed that by this policy the Italian government was passively accepting two million unemployed and the lowest standard of living in western Europe. The ECA men argued that only increased private and public spending could really strengthen the Italian economy and step up production, purchasing power, and consumption. Moreover, they insisted, the Italian government couldn't make the excuse that it didn't have the money, for there was plenty in the country's ECA Counterpart Fund.

The Economic Cooperation Act requires recipient governments to deposit the money they get for the domestic sale of Marshall Plan goods into such funds and to spend them on recovery projects. To date, the Italian government has accumulated about a billion dollars worth of lire in its fund, but it has actually spent only $145 mil-

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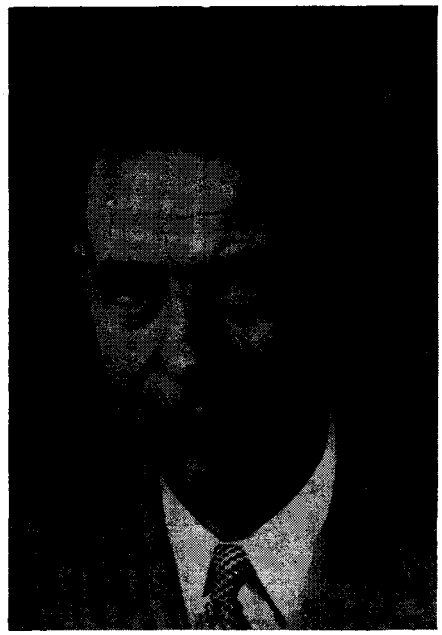
Wide World

Giuseppe Saragat

Wide World

Alcide De Gasperi



Acme

M. Leon Dayton

lion—the lowest ratio of any ERP country.

The Einaudi policy has also been drying up private investment. Italy's machine-tool, automobile, shipbuilding, and other industries are averaging only fifty per cent of capacity. Now, with European rearmament under way, the problem of getting Italy to produce has been causing Leon Dayton's ECA mission increasing concern.

Dayton had been chief of the ECA Mission for only a few months, but as second in command to James Zellerbach before that, he had become thoroughly familiar with Italy's problems. He had not been in Italy long enough, however, either to lose his native candor or to assume, as many of his colleagues did, that Italian politics and poverty were beyond redemption. When American reporters came to him with the Cortesi story, he did what many cagier diplomats might not have done; he told the truth.

He said he did not believe the Italian government was deliberately standing in the way of recovery, but he had felt since June, 1948, that "the answer to the question whether Italian government policy has curtailed recovery is undoubtedly yes. You cannot get around it and we have done a great deal of work to get the government to see it."

The choice before the De Gasperi government, he said, was either to speed up production or else to concentrate on making the lira the strongest currency in Europe. The Administration chose the latter. The right course, in his opinion, was the first.

There were no Italian reporters present. But within an hour, everything Dayton said, and a good deal he hadn't had leaked to De Gasperi and the nation's press.

It has been said that the Prime Minister's display of temper was not altogether spontaneous: He is usually a guarded man. But Dayton's scolding came at a sticky moment. De Gasperi's coalition Cabinet was becoming more and more shaky, and his own position was less secure than most Italians suspected. Lately, the Christian Democratic Party—a loose federation of factions with a wide range of economic ideas and interests—had been increasingly exposed to the pressure of its least progressive elements, the big landowners and industrialists. In the face of this pressure, the government's policy tended to move to the right, to the acute displeasure of some influential elements in the Christian Democratic Party and among the right-wing Socialists in the government.

No matter how burning his indignation really was, De Gasperi officially lost his temper. He informed Ambassador Dunn that "from this day on, the whole ECA Mission is *persona non grata* with the Italian government." He demanded the resignation of Dayton's talkative assistant, and a complete public retraction from Dayton himself.

Mr. Dunn, a composed diplomat, left the Viminale outwardly unshaken. But that afternoon there were prolonged conferences in the American embassy, and an exchange of telegrams with Washington. Late in the day, Dayton issued his first communiqué. It stated simply that he had not authorized the story in the *Times*. The following day, he went on to deny any "fundamental disagreement" with the Italian government; and the next day, former ECA director Paul Hoffman, passing through Rome, gave a pat on the back all around, and expressed "the highest confidence" both in Dayton and in De Gasperi's Ministry of the Treasury.

But the essentials of the story were not denied. The fat was in the fire.

For the last two years, Italian politics has been based on the assumption —by those who support De Gasperi's Cabinet and those who don't—that in all respects the policies of the Rome government and of the American agencies dealing with Italy were identical. Dayton's statements shook this assumption. Indeed, with its emphasis on full employment and higher living standards, the ECA view is obviously to the left of the government's—a notion

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which most Italian newspapers and citizens, after methodical Communist pounding of the United States as reactionary, found hard to believe.

The Christian Democrats' *Il Popolo,* which featured Dayton's retractions but not his charges, led off with a tract on the Einaudi line, and declared Dayton wanted inflation, but it did not explain why. The Communists' *L'Unità* suddenly revealed its affection for the Einaudi line too, and charged that Dayton wanted inflation to finance the Wall Street warmongers' army in western Europe; anyway, it said, this same Dayton-Wall Street line had been proposed by Communist labor leader Giuseppe Di Vittorio a year ago. The pro-Communist Socialist paper *Avanti* suggested that American capitalism was perhaps more progressive than the Italian kind—a bloomer that party leader Pietro Nenni has been trying to forget ever since.

The only people who welcomed Dayton's statement for what it was, since they had no reason to twist it, were the right-wing Saragat Socialists. They had deplored the Christian Democrats' economic policies, but, as part of the Cabinet coalition, they had never brought their dissent into the open. The American stand gave them courage. In an editorial in *La Giustizia,* Saragat wrote what many people took to be his farewell to the De Gasperi Government:

"In an economy weighted down by millions of unproductive men and women, and unable to absorb its labor force, to believe the currency can be safeguarded without increasing investments—or worse yet, by reducing them—is a dream . . . a policy [like this] leads to inflation . . . as irresistibly as a disease of the lungs, treated by rigorous fasting, leads one to the graveyard."

In all this bedlam, the Americans in Rome waited, as one of them said only half-jokingly, "for the exchange ships to take us prisoners home." At first, a number of them privately cheered; it was a relief to let the chips fall after observing the diplomatic niceties for so long.

The government's first response was to raise the issue of sovereignty. (The Communists soon spoke up for the sanctity of this principle in the Hall of Parliament.) There is no question that since 1944 the United States has been in various degrees interfering with Italian sovereignty—first by liberating the nation, then by giving it a great deal of assistance and by taking an active interest in the 1948 election.

In 1948, the Christian Democrats and the State Department shared the same goals—an electoral defeat for the Communists and an emergency program to stabilize the disordered economy. Now, with both of these aims achieved, the Christian Democrats are hesitant about carrying out long-range economic reforms, and the Americans on the contrary want to go forward.

In 1950, the Communist threat is as powerful as ever. The De Gasperi Government has succeeded only in containing Communism, not in putting it to rout. The Communist forces can now be considered stabilized: The party still has two and a quarter million members, and its trade unions three million; and anti-Communist sentiment is unreliable. Its tone was reflected in a series of letters to *Il Tempo* this summer, apocryphal but deadly accurate, allegedly written under a pseudonym by the novelist-journalist Curzio Malaparte:

"Today, one waits to see who will get to power first . . . the janitor must be treated well . . . he is the one who gives information to everybody . . . if the [Communists] arrive first, it is better that the janitor shouldn't know that I read certain other papers . . . so I buy *L'Unità,* which I don't like. . . .

"I go to Mass every Sunday, and also wear a medal of the Madonna of Pompeii around my neck. . . . Now I have changed churches. . . . I go to Mass far from home, in Prati . . . and I no longer wear the Madonna around my neck, because with open shirts, one sees such things . . . I keep it in my pocket. . . . We are in the period like the one preceding the liberation, when everyone underneath was a patriot . . . we wait for whoever comes first. . . ."

This state of affairs is disturbing to the Christian Democrats, but not as much as to the State Department. A strong Communist Party is the government's most convincing argument for unconditional American aid. The party won a majority of the votes at the last election precisely because of the immediacy of the Red threat.

A government that can claim to be the only bulwark against Communism is inclined to become stubborn in its views. Besides, Italy has now accumulated a foreign-exchange reserve of over $300 million, thanks to the Einaudi policy (its ECA quota this year is only $391 million). In a pinch, it could almost get along without help, provided it didn't go in for such projects as land reform, industrial modernization, housing, and a per capita diet of 2,500 calories a day.

The next Italian election comes in 1953. As long as the Communist threat remains keen, and third-force groups stay weak, the Christian Democrats know they can remain in power, perhaps even without De Gasperi.

Under these circumstances, the ECA must decide whether to continue to butt its head against the government or to go beyond it to the public. After a few nervous days, the ECA apparently decided to try the people. Dayton has been barnstorming northern Italy, taking up where he left off. To the consternation of the majority of the industrialists, he is now turning his attention to their private business practices—their preference for speculative rather than productive investments, their lack of enterprise, and their monopoly habits of low production and high prices. They didn't mind his attack on the government, for they too had been urging a moderate inflation—though not for reasons of increased productivity and larger popular consumption.

The publicity seems to be having a chastening effect. The extreme Right and Left are still howling with pain; the Communists are boycotting Dayton's speeches, and Confindustria (the Italian N.A.M.) is sending indignant letters to the press. But both the government and the industrialists are evidently feeling their wounds. They have publicly offered Dayton a round-table conference to talk everything over. The Dayton affair has shown them that the United States can develop an Italian program of its own that is something more than a carbon copy of the Christian Democratic policies.

—CLAIRE NEIKIND

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Kiplinger: Voice of Doom

One day last spring, Willard Monroe Kiplinger, proprietor of the *Kiplinger Washington Letter,* asked an about-to-be-married staffer if he were nervous. "Not especially," was the answer. Kiplinger, a pleasant-faced man with quite an ample paunch, who has been married three times, lifted his white eyebrows and with an expression of mock surprise said, "No? I was always nervous before my marriages."

The small group in the room roared with laughter. Kiplinger smiled benignly.

The scene and action created a role Kiplinger likes, cultivates, and usually manages to get—that of the omnipotent father surrounded by a worshipful family. Probably no other editorial shop in the country has as heavy a paternalistic atmosphere as Kiplinger's. Among the upper hierarchy—the nine well-paid associate editors of the *Letter* plus a handful of editors of his magazine, *Changing Times*—it is tacitly understood that working for Kiplinger means joining a special cult, of which "Kip" himself is both deity and high priest. One *Letter* editor, who had gone to work only a few weeks previously, was rather taken aback to see Kiplinger and his wife show up unannounced at his home early on a hot Saturday afternoon. When he mentioned this to a fellow worker, he was told, "Kip likes to look into things himself—see how the family life is going."

By the "family" was meant the Kiplinger organization, the chief product of which is the *Kiplinger Washington Letter,* a weekly four-page pamphlet, written in a curious style and punctuated with innumerable dots, which purports to give the lowdown on things to come in the world of government and business, and whose incredible success has baffled Washington newsmen for two decades.

The *Letter,* with approximately 140,000 subscribers, sells for eighteen dollars a year, grosses better than $2.5 million, and probably nets Kiplinger around $750,000 yearly. Yet it contains little information that is not readily available to the reader of any metropolitan newspaper with a good financial section. Kip himself once told the writer: "If I were a businessman and really wanted to know what was going on, I'd subscribe to the *Wall Street Journal* before any other publication—and that includes the *Kiplinger Letter.*"

Kip, of course, could have gone further. The *Letter* is drama. And the core of its drama is one of the most salable intangibles in the world—fear.

To say that Kiplinger accidentally stumbled upon this ancient success formula is to underrate the man. A careful observer, after attending several Kiplinger staff conferences, would be struck by the number of times Kip stresses the need for a dramatic word or sentence. He tries particularly to end each page with something that

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will grip, frighten, or jolt his readers.

The Kiplinger style consists simply in creating a breathless immediacy about everything—as if the information had just been whispered into the Kiplinger ear and the President had not yet been let in on it. One of Kiplinger's favorite ingredients is what officials say "privately." The first few words of each paragraph, sometimes the entire first line, of a *Letter* are underscored. This device is supposed to act as a sort of headline, and is as staccato as possible. Not long ago he wrote the kind of worrying lead he likes:

"Things are moving very rapidly toward economic controls in U. S. under pressure of the war situation, which is getting worse by the day."

A couple of weeks later he jolted them with this ending:

"Gov't has suddenly discovered a thing or two about the public: The public is willing to stand for controls and sacrifices on home front and is far ahead of the gov't and Congress . . . as Congress is finding out. Administration also will have to move faster to catch up with the public. Next few weeks will bring controls, and a vision of still more controls . . . tightening of home front spirit, and preparation for FURTHER tightening."

The end of a Kiplinger *Letter* is not unlike the end of a movie-serial episode—both usually leave a sense of impending doom. For a while Kiplinger received many protests from his subscribers on this point, but he was careful to make no change. Balanced interpretation may have some adherents, but fear will bring most customers back again.

Kiplinger thrives best during times of crisis—war or depression. (He hit the big time during the early 1930's.) Some say this is because during times of stress businessmen want and need guidance from Washington. This may be true, but a more probable answer is that when a collective fear is abroad, the man who knows how to play on it is the one who is sought out.

When the slight business slump in the early months of 1949 began, most economists saw it for what it was—the tail end of a postwar adjustment, with a healthy rise on the horizon. But Kiplinger—though careful to repeat that no DEEP depression was in sight—bore down hard on the gloom and predicted that some five million people would be unemployed by the end of that year. When the economy showed no signs of following Kiplinger, his extraordinarily high renewal rate began to drop.

These days Kiplinger is busy informing his readers about controls—which, of course, are of immediate interest to all businessmen, manufacturers, and industrialists. Speaking of cuts in civilian goods, he recently gave his readers the word:

"Whether to cut ALL lines or just a FEW: Fairer to cut them all, but simpler to cut just a few . . . easier for gov't to police only the few. So that's what will be done at first. Later, as military needs increase, the controls over metal supply will be extended . . . even as far as hairpins."

"Even as far as hairpins" was the ominous touch that ended the page.

In the last Presidential election, no one beat Dewey's drum as loudly as Kiplinger. In October he got out a sizable booklet entitled *What Dewey Will Do,* and took full-page ads in national magazines to plug it. When the magazines featuring the advertisements appeared on the newsstands days *after* the election, the other wrong guessers didn't feel so bad.

It is doubtful whether the *Letter* would be the blue chip it is today without Kiplinger's high-geared promotion machinery. On the surface he affects to take little interest in his business department, which employs about a hundred people, the bulk of them concerned with promotion and circulation. Actually, Kiplinger is one of the smartest promotion men in the country. Though he may fall short of distinction as a reporter and writer, his direct-mail system almost sets a master pattern. Scarcely a single category of people—from smokers of expensive cigars to diaper manufacturers—has not been bombarded with Kiplinger literature.

But it is after Kiplinger gets a nibble or a bite, in the way of either an acknowledgment of interest or a trial subscription, that the promotion machine really goes to work. There is no place where the trial subscriber or potential subscriber can hide from Kiplinger's promotion material. It is not inconceivable that some have signed up for the full subscription just to keep their mailboxes tidy.

The same procedure is followed for renewals. If a subscriber doesn't renew, most publications continue to send him copies for a short time, together with promotion material. Kiplinger, however, doesn't give up so easily. The *Letter* keeps coming for eight to twelve weeks, with friendly and sharply writ-

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ten "personal" notes tucked in. If this doesn't work, promotion material is shot out to the client at frequent intervals, until at last there comes a *special delivery registered* letter. This is what jolts the client. The idea conveyed, as in other Kiplinger promotion copy, is that fateful happenings are about to break out on the political and economic fronts—knowledge of which may well mean at the very least the difference between profit and loss in the client's business. Direct-mail people believe that the registered-mail finale is a Kiplinger innovation. Even if it fails, the client is not forgotten. After a while comes a second bombardment.

In many ways, the *Kiplinger Letter* itself is a piece of direct-mail promotion. It often promises special treats to subscribers — a reprint, "more news about this later . . . ," copies of Congressional bills. In addition, the *Letter* frequently encourages the subscriber to write in if he wants to know more about a particular news item.

In 1946 Kiplinger decided to enter the magazine field—in which, he said, he was an "amateur." He and his organization could write off magazine losses with *Letter* profits, but publishing a magazine—even a simple one—is a good deal more intricate than publishing a Washington newsletter. Some people who profess to know Kiplinger give this reason for his new venture: A mere newsletter wasn't enough for the Kiplinger mind and ego. A magazine might well give the organization the solidity it needed and Kiplinger the further fame he craved.

Changing Times, introduced as the *Kiplinger Magazine,* started out to tell, in straightforward and simple language, the economic facts of life. Kiplinger felt—and probably still feels—that the story of the business and economic world was not being told so that the average non-intellectual citizen could understand it. (Kiplinger considers *Time* "an intellectual's magazine.") He felt he could fill that void with monthly doses of an extension of the material in his *Letter.* Though neither he nor his staff had had any magazine experience to speak of, the product was good, despite its oversimplification. Much of the professional smoothness of the first issues has been attributed to John Denson, a crack newspaper and magazine editor whom Kiplinger installed as managing editor, and to the handful of expert writers Denson hired. *Changing Times* might have become a poor man's *Fortune.* But then Denson resigned — neither he nor Kiplinger would give any other reason than "policy differences"—and the magazine seemed to lose focus. Conservative and folksy in thought and tone, *Changing Times* was for a time a kind of economic primer, then changed into a "How to Do It" periodical. (One article told how to manage a bank account.) Indecision as to what it wants to be seems about the only fixed policy.

Though the magazine receives much personal attention from Kiplinger, it is the *Letter* over which he sweats. Kiplinger left the Washington financial desk of the Associated Press in 1920, free-lanced, then started the *Letter* in 1923. Before going to Washington, he had worked for the A.P. in his native Ohio, starting in 1914, two years after his graduation from Ohio State University. At first the *Letter* was aimed at bankers, then gradually branched out toward business and professional men.

Today Kiplinger sends reporters scurrying into all corners of government agencies, trade associations, lobby groups, labor unions, and Congressional offices. They write their findings into an approximation of the Kiplinger style. But what comes out in the *Letter* is seldom what the reporters have turned in. Kip rewrites for emotional pressure. He likes to take an incoming editor and ask him how long he thinks it will take him to master the Kiplinger style. Whatever the answer, Kiplinger points toward his own typewriter and says: "Well, whenever you can, you can take the chair in front of that typewriter."

Whether it is a pose or a genuine feeling, Kiplinger gives the impression that the organization will be hard put to find a successor who will be able to turn out his kind of writing after he is gone. Actually, the style is easy to copy and write. Writers who have worked at both *Time* and Kiplinger's say *Time* style is infinitely harder to catch on to.

As to the perpetuation of the *Letter* after Kiplinger retires—something that seems to worry members of the organization—the chances are that it will go on for quite a while. For the Kiplinger name is "Mr. Inside Washington" to thousands of businessmen, and myths are hard to down. Even a simulated Kiplinger style, without the strong emotional punch, would probably satisfy them. One man, asked why he had been reading Kiplinger for so many years, replied, "Oh, hell, the damn thing just becomes a habit."

—Dimitri Dejanikus

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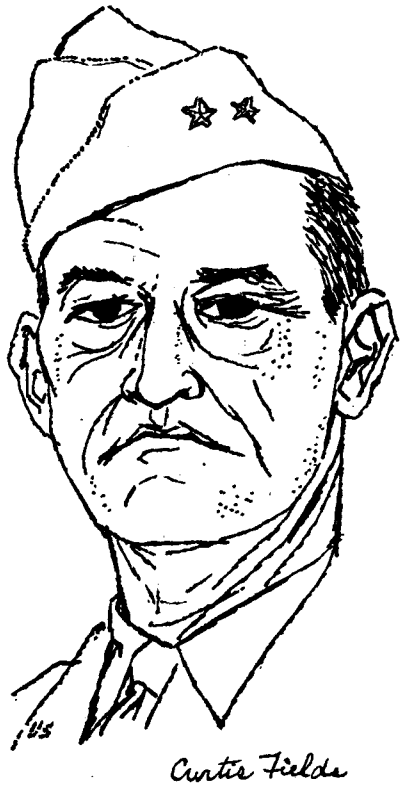
Clark



Chennault

Books

The Brass Tells All

With the publication of General Mark W. Clark's narrative of his war campaigns, *Calculated Risk* (Harper's, $5), still another four-star commander deserts the thinning ranks of strong, silent soldiers. Never before was a war fought by Americans so fully written; never before have our forces produced so many autobiographers so quickly.

It took at least a decade after the Civil War for its autobiographers and historians to hit their stride: General Sherman led off in 1875, but Grant, McClellan, and Sheridan hung back until the mid-1880's, and Lee wrote nothing at all. After the First World War, the help of ghost-writers and syndicates encouraged American leaders to try a bit sooner—but still usually in two volumes, which often, like Pershing's, were formal and dull. Even before the Second World War was won, though, the newer generation of generals and admirals, along with their aides, unlimbered their typewriters, and soon after delivered to their agents a series of bang-up yarns designed to complete the discomfiture of their enemies—domestic as well as foreign.

Salty Halsey, hell-raising Patton (through his chief of staff), and rip-snorting Brereton gave form to this "tell-all" school, aided by Captain Butcher, General Eisenhower's non-seagoing naval aide, who painted SHAEF as a protracted house party sustained by seas of Scotch. Then came the even crustier "God-damn-it-to-hell" school of writers, with as many chips as stars on their shoulders—"Vinegar Joe" Stilwell, Claire Chennault, and "Howlin' Mad" Smith of the Marines. There was the cautious, superior type, exemplified by General Eisenhower, with his dry and guarded *Crusade in Europe*. Then the familiar, folksy genre: General "Hap" Arnold in his garrulous *Global Mission*. Then the ponderous, pontificating kind, exemplified by Admiral Leahy's *I Was There*—so sluggish that you wonder how he got there at all. And now, the product of a lively story-teller aided by a professional editor: Mark Clark's tale of how he found himself in many a tight spot, ranging from a secret submarine off Algiers to the bloody beachhead at Salerno and the still more uncomfortable position of a political general professing a minimum knowledge of politics.

It would seem that the whole story is being told. In General Patton's diary we read that its swashbuckling author, while preparing for the Normandy assault, read Freeman's *Norman Conquest,* "paying particular attention to the roads William the Conqueror used in his operations." And "Hap" Arnold fills in gaps in our knowledge of high-level global operations with "At Karachi . . . we had a delicious lunch. . . ."

Still, there are some central wartime facts we haven't been told. What really happened, for instance, at the sessions of the all-powerful Joint Chiefs of Staff, and how did it reach its decisions? Where are the full records of the top Allied conferences—Casablanca, Quebec, Teheran, and Yalta? Just how were General MacArthur and the Pacific-minded admirals brought into line after the decision to throw our main weight against the Nazis first?

Leahy offers a brief glimpse of Admiral King refusing "to have a single additional warship" diverted to the Mediterranean, and being aroused by the British "to very undiplomatic language, to use a mild term"; but he doesn't tell us what the sea dog said.

Victors need offer no alibis, and skeletons can safely be left in the closet. Yet the closet doors keep opening briefly, and then slamming shut. Granted that war is necessarily organized waste, were we overwasteful and did we misdirect our effort? Field

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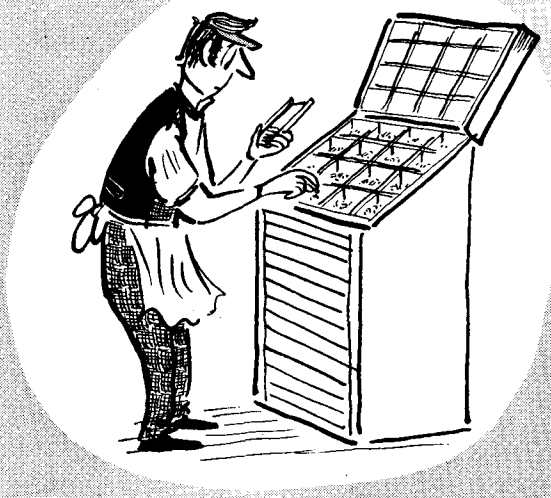

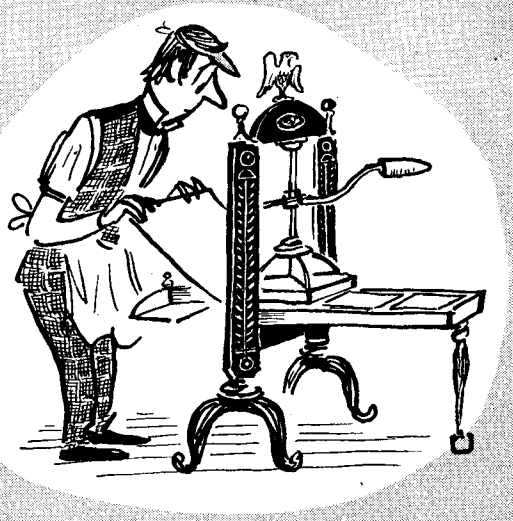

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commanders, to be sure, always protest that they don't get enough supplies—at least not at the proper time and place. Thus Clark, writing of the eve of the North African invasion: "There were whole shiploads of equipment that seemed to get sidetracked in the United States. . . . One cargo of vitally needed combat equipment for the 1st Division started out three times from New York and each time was lost or otherwise diverted." On the other hand, did we try to supply too much and encumber our whole establishment with the impedimenta of an Abercrombie & Fitch sort of expedition? One thinks of the warehouseful of fur-lined parkas somehow shipped to North Africa; of the mountainous dump of mimeograph paper and stencils laid down in Britain; of the shipload of Coca-Cola rushed by high priority into hungry Antwerp; and of the private trains, specially fitted planes, and corps of retainers provided for such chiefs as Eisenhower, J. C. H. Lee, and Clark.

Clark speaks of the resulting overweight of administrative top hamper: "Never were so few commanded by so many." And Arnold, amid the bewildering duplication of effort between rival services and commands in the Pacific, recalls talking with Stilwell and others "about the unnecessarily hard way we went about fighting a war, with two commanders and two supply systems in the same theatre"—although he doesn't say what, if anything, was done about it. In fact, no chronicle has yet been written of American wartime logistics.

Halsey

Leahy

Nor has there been any systematic attempt so far to weigh the performance of our wartime intelligence services—a subject which last June's surprise in Korea again made urgent. Military intelligence functioned well in spy-ridden North Africa, but no one has yet quite explained how it fell down so badly in such tragic instances as Pearl Harbor and the Battle of the Ardennes. In the Pacific, our assaults against Buna, Peleliu, and Okinawa all appear to have involved serious underappreciations of the enemy's strength, but the authors of service histories and personal memoirs so far remain charitable toward the failings of brother officers in G-2.

Writing without full perspective in the natural desire to get their story over first, the memoir makers nevertheless manage to be highly revealing about themselves, and sometimes in ways they perhaps had not intended. Thus Admiral Leahy—a man so guarded that he refers to Clara Petacci, Mussolini's murdered mistress, as "an alleged mistress"—gives himself away when commenting angrily on the storm of home criticism aroused by the deal with Darlan which he had backed. There were "reports," he says sourly and curtly, "that this pressure was being instigated by a group of Jews and Communists."

On the same North African affair General Clark also manages to give himself away. He recalls how fussed he was by all the political complexities he was getting into. "What a mess!" he blurted. "Why do soldiers have to get mixed up in things like this when there is a war to be fought? It's awful!" One day Darlan confronted him with a demand that any French officers who had come over to our side too soon—i.e., before he himself had given the word—be fired from command. "I don't understand," Clark replied lamely. "They helped us so much. However, I do understand your resentment against their not obeying orders."

So, even among great soldiers, there were great unknowns. The uniformed writers of these memoirs rose suddenly from humdrum peacetime obscurity to positions of dazzling power; their problem lay not in their training, which was vigorous, but in the range of their imagination, which sometimes had overwhelming demands made on it. Statesmanship usually takes time to acquire, and often there were few moments left for this amid the press of other business. The excellent service histories, bulging with local problems and detail, only underscore this. To understand and interpret the war's ultimate political and moral objections while sitting at the wavering end of a hideously complex supply line among strange people on the other side of the world was hard enough in any case. As Clark remarks plaintively, "At the time there was only one objective, winning the war: we had little time to think of ethics."

And of course you cannot ask the soldier to consider ultimate goals unless his civilian masters clearly project them first. Sometimes, it seems, there was some doubt on this point. The American military writers do not go into detail on it; they have left it to a shrewd and witty Englishman, Lieutenant General Sir Frederick Morgan, the basic planner of the Normandy invasion, to remark in his *Overture to Overlord:* "It is desirable before opening a campaign for the openers to have some reasonably clear ideas as to how it is intended to shape international policy when the victory has been won. In this instance we tried, but tried in vain, to obtain some such statement of a long-term political object. There are those who are still trying . . ."

—William Harlan Hale

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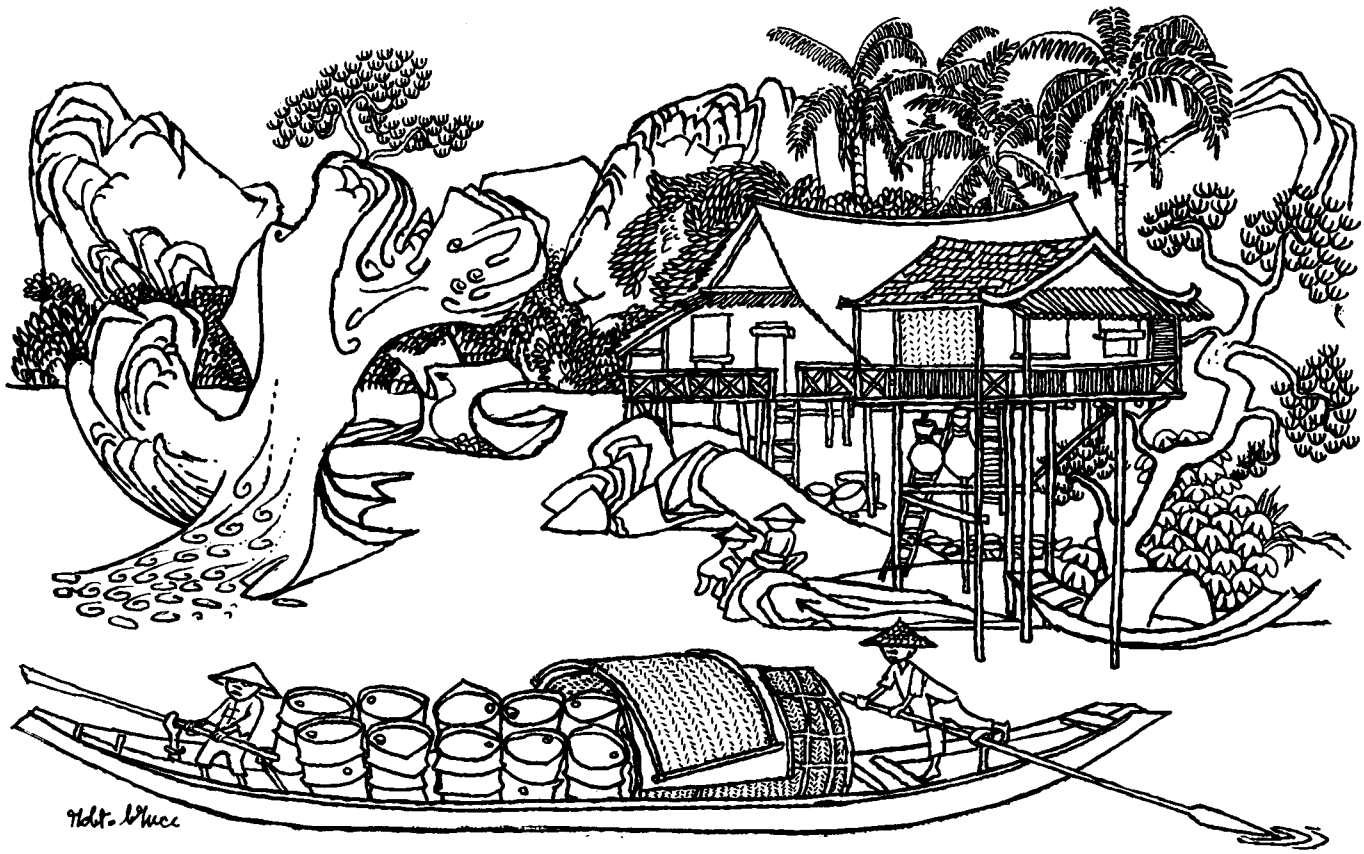

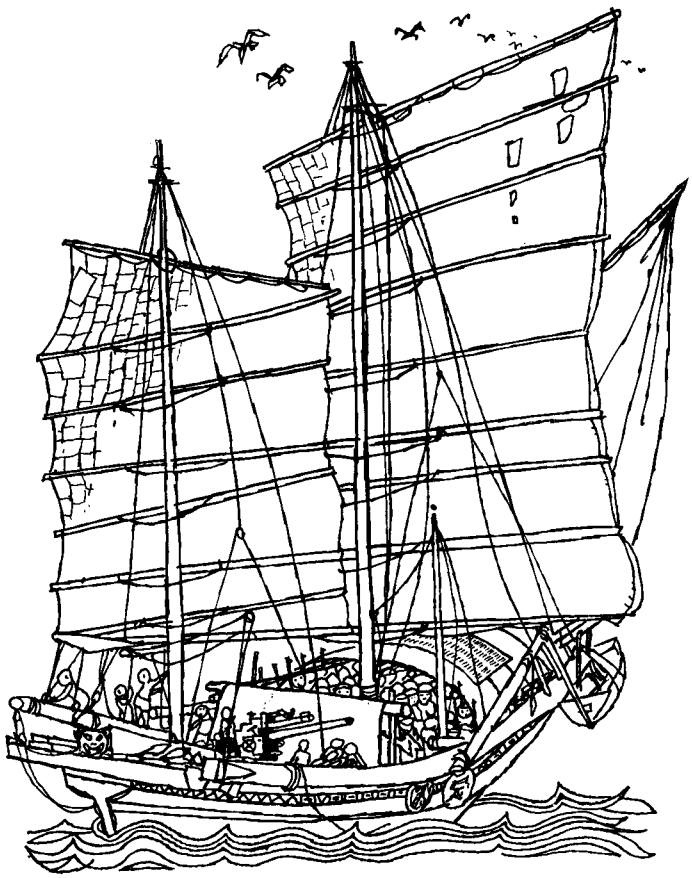

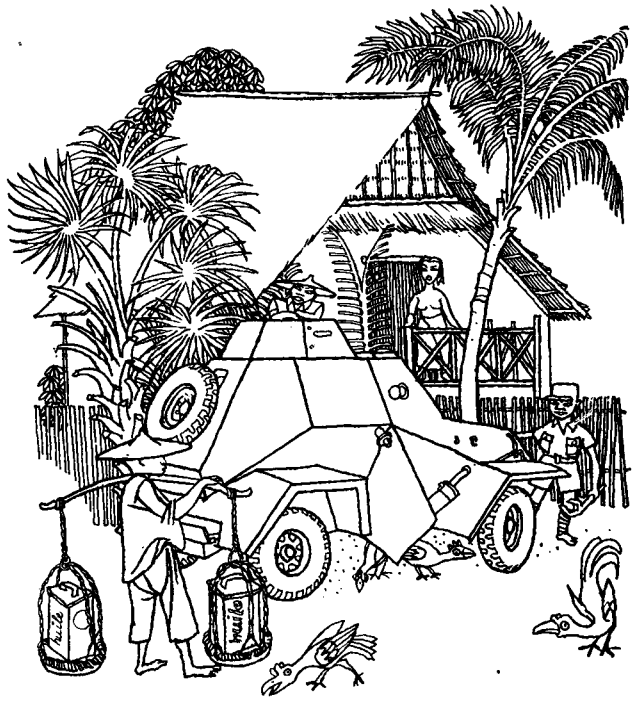

Logistics and armament in the Indo-China campaign: Top, gasoline drums move upriver toward the fighting front by sampan. Left, a junk-of-war. Above, a French-built armored car—and prosecution of the war—awaits a special shipment of oil by slow coolie freight.

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